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Contents

Editorial Notes 357

Leading Editorials
- Can the Hohenzollerns Survive? 359
- American Strategy 361
- Leadership in Congress 362
- Agricultural Reorganization 364
- Autocracy in America 365

General Articles
- Our Duty in the Air ..... William Hard 367
- Billy Sunday, Salesman ..... Francis Hackett 370
- The New Science ..... W. M. Meredith 372
- Irrelevant Art ..... George Soule 374

A Communication 376

Correspondence 377

Books and Things ..... P. L. 379

The Movies: Venus in Armor ..... Vachel Lindsay 380

Reviews of Books
- France of the Past ..... H. J. L. 381
- To the Rescue of Art ..... H. S. 382
- Two Amateur Philosophers ..... R. B. 383
- A Self-made Man 384
- Annapolis English 385

WHAT is being arranged in Washington these days is really a gigantic experiment in internationalism. For the first time in history the food supply, the shipping, the credit, and the man-power of the nations are to be put under something like joint administration. We are witnessing the creation of a supernational control of the world's necessities. The men who are charged with conducting this war are now compelled to think as international statesmen. The old notions of sovereignty no longer govern the facts. Three of the unifying forces of mankind are at work—hunger, danger and a great hope. They are sweeping into the scrap heap the separatist theories that nations should be self-sufficing economically and absolutely independent politically. In order that men should be fed, in order that they may defend themselves, in order that they may make the world safe, they are being forced to create an administration which transcends national government. A new and more powerful machinery of internationalism is being created. It is a true internationalism because it deals not with dynastic and diplomatic alliances but with the coöperative control of those vital supplies on which human life depends. We have entered upon another phase of political unification, a phase greater in its consequences but similar in its methods to the formation of national states in the nineteenth century.

THIS is the birth of the League of Nations. It is being formed not out of paper schemes imposed upon the peoples but out of the pooling of economic, political and military interests. It is on a basis of shipping, food, naval control, finance, and a joint military strategy that the substance of the league is being brought into existence. These common needs and dangers are generating an extraordinary community of ideals. The revolution in Russia and the intervention of America mark the transformation of the war, the fulfilment of its better promises. For that impulse to unity which common perils and common necessities have forged is beginning to demand some community of political forms in the constituent nations. Just because the hope of internationalism is so much brighter than ever, so the danger of a Central Europe dominated by the Prussian autocracy has become more intolerable. It would remain an insoluble lump in a world that was growing towards federation.

HOWEVER pressing the immediate problems of the war may be, no one can afford to lose sight of this much greater prospect which is opening before us. The alliance to which we belong embraces practically the whole world except the enemy and his allies. The alliance is creating a machinery of joint control over innumerable human necessities. It will have to act at the peace conference as a kind of constituent assembly of the world. Obviously this political and economic machinery is not to be abandoned when peace is established because peace will not only have to be negotiated but administered and supervised. Common economic questions will persist after the war and will require a coöperative solution. We are creat-

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ing institutions now which are called for by the emergency, but will be maintained when the acute danger has passed. They are the nucleus of internationalism.

IN spite of our huge war loan, it is still possible that we may finance our part in the war chiefly through taxation. It may be expected that the three billions to be loaned to our allies will be issued promptly. This need not represent any net burden upon the nation, as it is unlikely that any of the allied nations will repudiate interest or principal. Of the remaining four billions, one-half is to consist of short term paper, to be retired with the proceeds of the new taxes soon to be imposed. Two billions will go far toward meeting our immediate military needs, and by the time this sum is exhausted, any excise taxes we may levy will be yielding revenues copiously. It is conceivable that we shall not need to issue the two billions of long term securities authorized for our own use until the proceeds of the augmented income and profits taxes begin to flow into the treasury. It is very desirable to go as far as we possibly can in covering our military requirements out of taxation. After the war we shall not be content with the slipshod policies of national development that we formerly tolerated. We shall need abundant revenues, and we do not want them mortgaged to the service of a needlessly heavy debt.

THE Anglo-French offensive is apparently proceeding successfully with as great a measure of success as military authorities had anticipated. The Germans have lost ground east of Arras that they could not afford to lose if they intended to hold the Hindenburg line indefinitely. They have lost not so much ground on the Aisne, but enough to cast doubt upon their ability to hold Laon through the summer. And the fall of Laon would involve a retirement far more extensive and difficult than the retirement from the Somme. The intermittent character of the Anglo-French attacks may be explained primarily by the vast engineering problems encountered in consolidating newly taken positions and bringing up the equipment and material essential to further advances. But incidentally such intermittent attacks must affect seriously the morale of the Germans all along the line, and must keep under constant strain the selected troops reserved for manœuvering. Not a little evidence of shaken morale is coming through. What the offensive is costing we are not permitted to know. We may infer that the cost is extremely heavy, but does not outweigh the moral advantages in prospect if the Germans can be driven to a second great retirement.

WHILE American business men have contrived in the Chamber of Commerce of the United States an organization which affords them an opportunity to pass upon important public question and consequently to count effectively in public affairs, the more specifically intellectual class has not made for itself any similar mechanism of discussion and publicity. We should like to see a plan of taxation which at the present time would be submitted for consideration by a committee representing not only the economists, but the historians, the sociologists, the political scientists, the physical scientists and the school teachers of the higher grades; and we should like to have an opportunity of comparing the results of such a referendum with the results of the referendum which the Chamber of Commerce is now conducting among its affiliated business men. The more thoughtful and better informed men and women in the community will never exercise the influence on public questions which they ought to exercise until they recognize what can be accomplished by corporate consciousness and organization. Those Americans whose interests and occupations are specifically intellectual constitute an estate in the American Commonwealth of at least equal importance to organized industry, organized wage earning and organized farming. But their existing mechanism of association and joint action is most imperfect and fails sufficiently to recognize their interests, opportunities and responsibilities as a class. They are divided into a number of useful sects, whereas they should be also united into some catholic association which would at least afford them a chance to formulate public problems from their own point of view and record and discuss both their agreements and differences.

THE Committee on Financing the War of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States has submitted to the business men of the country a plan of war taxation which is remarkable in some respects for its breadth and in other respects for its restrictions. The report of the Committee recognizes the desirability of collecting as a part of the expenses of the war unusually large sums from taxation; and it proposes a series of levies which are estimated to produce about $1,600,000,000. This total is approximately the same as the total which Professor Seligman recently calculated as the indispensable minimum which should be raised from taxation during the first year of the war. It is a smaller sum than can be and should be raised, but it constitutes a larger proportion of the expenses of the first year than any European country collected and it indicates an unfamiliar and encouraging willingness on the part of responsible business

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men to volunteer taxes. But the committee goes astray in its proposed plan of distributing the tax burden. It proposes to raise $400,000,000 from levies on incomes which would mean a very moderate percentage and one much smaller than could easily be borne. It proposes to raise only $200,000,000 from an excess profits tax, although Great Britain is now obtaining over $600,000,000 a year from the same source on a smaller volume of business. The residue which constitutes three-fifths of the total is to be derived from stamps, customs and excises, most of which would constitute burdens on consumption rather than on wealth. Some additional revenue can and should be derived from these sources, but the Committee of the Chamber of Commerce depends on them for an excessively large proportion of the needed revenue. If its plan were adopted its effect would be at least in part to lower the standard of living of the class which is already deprived of sufficient means of subsistence.

WE should take to heart the frank statement of Mr. Hoover that France and England and Italy will run short of food before October first unless we double our normal exportation. The possible harm such a statement may do by encouraging Germany to hang on until the fall is more than offset by the stimulation which the awakening sense of a real danger will have in this country. And unless we are wholly blinded by our desires we know that in all reasonable likelihood Germany will hang on until the fall in any case. No more damaging propaganda against our cause is being promulgated than the broadcast prediction of the speedy collapse of the German Empire. The plain and unpalatable truth is that so far the Germans are succeeding in their submarine expectations by more than fifty per cent. We ought never for a moment to forget it. To allow our enthusiasm over the tactical successes on the western front—which will continue spasmodically all summer—or our eagerness for an internal revolution against Prussian autocracy to slow up either our building of ships or production of foodstuffs would be the real failure of America in this war. There is a chance of our failing. But there is much less chance if we believe that a democratic revolution in Germany will take place only after it has in fact taken place and if, meanwhile, we let no one in this country lack information about the comparative effectiveness of the submarine campaign. Only our apathy about ships and food can beat the Allies, but in order to furnish these essentials in a sufficient quantity, we must now take the measures which a long war would surely necessitate.

ONE-FIFTH of the aggregate wealth of Germany is now in the form of government bonds issued to finance the war. The daily expenditures are still mounting, and there is every ground for predicting that before peace is restored a quarter or more of the German national wealth will be represented by government securities in the hands of the people. If Germany had followed the practice of exempting bonds from taxation, the whole weight of the taxes that must be raised after the war for the purposes of national rehabilitation would have to be imposed upon the remaining three-quarters of the national wealth. It is unlikely that we shall become so heavily involved in war debt as Germany now is. Nevertheless, we shall hardly get off without additional bond issues. In these, it is to be hoped, we shall abandon the principle of tax exemption. Like every other modern nation, we shall have a work of social and economic rehabilitation to perform after the war, and shall encounter no small difficulty in raising the necessary revenues. The existence of a huge volume of tax-free income will hamper us in our revenue legislation. Moreover, it is certain to have undesirable political consequences in the future. A democracy does not take kindly to a class of bond holders who contribute nothing to the public treasury.

Can the Hohenzollerns Survive?

"We have long expressed the view that German victory and the German monarchy are mutually dependent. Without a German victory the German monarchy will soon cease to exist."

—Count Reventlow in the Tageszeitung.

"The German government must tell the people the whole truth, which is that one cannot dictate terms to a hostile world."

—The Berlin Vorwärts.

THE two foregoing expressions of opinion about the situation in which the German monarchy and government has involved itself with its own people and with the rest of the world can be made to carry a drastic conclusion. In one of these opinions Count Reventlow, who represents the Prussian Junker in his most formidable aspect, attached a penalty to German defeat upon which even the hardiest enemies of Germany have not always insisted. The German monarchy cannot survive the defeat of its army. In the other, the organ of the German Socialist party, Vorwärts, frankly admits the impossibility and the futility of German victory. No one nation can

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dictate terms to a hostile world. The two statements, if combined, justify an ominous inference. The perpetuation of the German monarchy hangs suspended on the accomplishment of an impossible task—the dictation of terms to a hostile world. If it cannot dictate terms to a hostile world, it will cease to exist.

Shall this conclusion be accepted? Shall the price of German defeat be the extinction of the Hohenzollern dynasty? Has the rule of one of the oldest reigning houses in Europe, as was the case with that of the two upstart Napoleons, come to depend on military victory? We have been reluctant to draw this conclusion, but it is beginning to look persuasive. Notwithstanding the past success of the Hohenzollerns in the difficult art of being kings, a success which has been more considerable for more generations than any other family in Europe, notwithstanding their great and unquestioned services to their own people both in peace and in war, their power under existing circumstances can scarcely survive defeat. Under their leadership Germany embarked on a colossal adventure which was managed so as to ensure the hostility of the rest of the world, which could obtain its only possible justification through overwhelming victory, and which, even if successful, would have brought upon the civilized world an endless penalty of international fear and ruthless strife. Those who are responsible for leading their country into a war which cannot be justified except by overwhelming victory should be willing to expiate defeat with their own downfall.

The abdication of the Hohenzollern family under pressure might from one point of view wear an appearance of injustice. William II. has for the last three years belonged to the moderate party in Germany. According to the most trustworthy accounts he submitted rather than consented to the original declaration of war against Russia and he submitted only after vigorous resistance. Why, then, make him the scapegoat? Because the responsibility really belongs to him. The function of national leadership in the German state is attached to the monarchy, and the Kaiser himself has always claimed its full prerogative and glory. In matters of internal policy the proposals of the crown are subject to the veto of a popular representative body. The Kaiser limits his personal responsibility for measures of domestic legislation by passing a large part of it on to the Chancellor, who can be superseded whenever the domestic policy is a failure. But in matters of foreign policy the power and the responsibility of the monarchy is exclusive and practically complete. The diplomatic service, the army and the navy are supposed to take their orders directly from the monarch and are legally answerable only to him. Even the Chancellor has no authority over the army and the navy except that which the Kaiser is willing to grant; and at times these military services escape practically all civilian control. If, consequently, a military faction in the German government gets out of hand, if it succeeds in subordinating political to military considerations in the foreign policy of the government, as was the case during the last days of July, 1914, the Kaiser is exclusively and entirely responsible. As the national leader and as the one German official who is supposed to control all the departments of government, he or some entirely trusted personal representative of his alone can bestow balance on the national policy and keep the several aggressive servants of such a policy subordinate to its dictates. William II. when he dismissed Bismarck did so expressly for the purpose of gathering the reins in his own hands and ever since, there they have been supposed to remain.

It is a terrific responsibility for any man or any family to assume and under modern conditions it has become impossible. The Hohenzollerns have succeeded in the past partly because of frequent examples of individual ability among its members, partly by their readiness to accept and their willingness to trust able coadjutors, and more recently by calling to the aid of personal and class government a really expert administrative staff. By these means they have come nearer to nationalizing a monarchical, autocratic system than any other reigning house in Europe has ever succeeded in doing; and the representative and municipal institutions with which they have surrounded expert administrative leadership have added a valuable novelty to the world's stock of constructive political experiments. But these representative institutions served to give a national sanction only to the domestic and social policy of the government. The foreign policy was imposed upon the nation by the monarchy and the Imperial Council. They alone were responsible for keeping it, as Bismarck had done, within limits which did not put an excessive strain upon the resources, the endurance and the patriotic goodwill of the German people or the forbearance of the associates and neighbors of Germany. The monarchy in the person of its present representative has betrayed this trust. However offensive it has been to other modern nations, it has sinned most horribly against its own people. It has called upon them to sustain by their patriotic goodwill and by the expenditure of their treasure and blood, a policy which was certain to arouse the execration of the rest of the world. It has asked for these unprecedented sacrifices on behalf of a cause which is as certain to be con-

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demned by the verdict of history as was that of the southern slave-owners. So awful a mistake surely demands expiation; and the only satisfactory expiation under the circumstances is a forfeiture of the trust which has been so disastrously abused.

The abdication or the overthrow of the Hohenzollerns would remove the most serious existing obstacle to a scientific and equitable treaty of peace. We are not prepared to say that it should be made a condition of peace negotiations, and in any event it would be far preferable to have the retirement of the Hohenzollerns forced by the Germans themselves than by their enemies. But however it comes about its beneficial effects can scarcely be exaggerated. It would symbolize the rejection of those feudal survivals in the German political and social organization without which Germany could never have embarked upon such a desperate and abortive adventure; and it would make the enemies of Germany far more disposed to treat her with confidence and to abandon any idea of discriminating against her in their economic and political arrangements for the future. Surely candid Germans and particularly German-Americans must soon see that the retirement of the Hohenzollern dynasty is at once the cheapest and the most fitting price which Germany can pay for the failure of the effort to impose obnoxious terms on the rest of the world. To be sure, the enforced abdication would be a confession of wrong-doing as well as failure, and so would be humiliating to a proud people who know how much wrong-doing is fairly attributable to their enemies. But even so the offense offered by the German government to the rest of the world is only too manifest, and unless its consequences are visited on those responsible for it, the penalty which will have to be paid by the comparatively innocent will be very much increased. Neither is the overthrow of the Hohenzollerns merely a matter of retributive justice. It would be the prophecy and the pledge of a new career for the German people—a career which would be emancipated from the mischievously absolute political dogmas with which Kaiserism is associated and which would enable them to become a trusted member of the community of modern liberal nations which is now, for the first time, heaving into sight. The German-Americans are in a peculiarly favorable position to appreciate the full force of this argument, and when they see it, as they give many indications of doing, to give to it the most effective possible expression. A public statement from responsible German-American sources, issued at the right moment, which demanded the retirement of the Hohenzollerns, might do much to bring that consummation to pass.

American Strategy

AMERICAN strategy turns on the fact that Germany considers the submarine more valuable than America is dangerous. Her calculations no doubt go beyond this. They are that if the submarine is successful America cannot be dangerous. For if the highways between the western Allies and neutrals overseas can be cut, it does not matter in a military way how many transatlantic nations choose to consider themselves in a state of war. They must fume and fuss in impotence while Britain and France are brought to exhaustion.

As against this extreme German optimism there is an equally extreme American optimism. It consists of thinking about our enormous population, its inexhaustible wealth, and then imagining what will happen to war-weary Germany when we fall upon her. Now the truth, as they say, lies between. What America can do is a function of the submarine's failure, for morale is about the only military aid we can furnish that does not depend upon tonnage. We can contribute only what there are ships to carry.

The shipping crisis is likely to last about five months. At the end of that time we expect to launch ships faster than they can be sunk. Until then we have to figure on a steady and perceptible decrease in the total tonnage available for the North Atlantic trade. To be sure, this deficit can probably be neutralized to a certain extent by commandeering ships from other trade routes. But roughly we must calculate that until the autumn at least freight space will grow scarcer and more valuable.

These are the very months in which an effort will be made to reach a decision in Europe. They are the months in which the massive power of America cannot be applied. That power is not organized, and all of it could not be transported to Europe if it were organized. We have to figure, then, that our immediate contributions to the battles now being fought must be things that are light, small, and quickly available. We can send only whatever weighs little, takes up little room, and can be produced in short time. The proposal to build and man a large number of aeroplanes (see Mr. Hard's article) is sound strategy in this phase of the war. Command of the air is of supreme military value. It increases the value of every gun and every soldier, and it impairs the fighting power of the enemy's guns and soldiers. Aerial supremacy can be won by machines that are light and small, and by so few men that no great strain is put upon the food supply. It has even more symbolic value than a small division, and it relieves us of the necessity of transporting

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raw troops and hungry troops, mules and horses, at a time when tonnage is so precious. Until the submarine is defeated our assistance must be intensive. This is the first phase of American strategy.

The second phase is the preparation of reserves against the time when the submarine fails. The army we shall raise, the munitions we shall develop, the credit we can offer will count then. They may count on the battlefield, they will certainly count at the peace congress. This is the real meaning of our intervention. If the tonnage question is solved, it will be the Allies and not Germany who approach the negotiations with the greatest reserves of power. That is the argument Germany understands. She will be bargaining with an alliance whose power is ascendant. Her need of peace will be greater than that of her enemies. As soon as America is in a position to render extensive as well as intensive aid disaster is in sight. Whether Germany will wish to face it, whether because of internal conditions she will be able to face it, no one can say. We can hope that once the threat of America is real, German resistance will give way before it can be applied. But though we may hold this hope, we have to act on the theory that ultimately every bit of power may be needed in Europe.

Unless this summer brings a military decision on the western front or revolution in Central Europe, the American reserve will be the deciding factor. It may decide many things. It may actually go to Europe and carry on the war. It may break German morale merely because it is known to exist. It may induce Germany to offer such moderate terms that the war can be ended by negotiation. In any case it is, if the submarine can be defeated, the final guaranty against a German victory.

Just because our reserve power is decisive, we are in a position to make it count for the kind of settlement that we desire. It is an argument against Germany, it is an argument to be used with our Allies. Obviously American power will never be exerted to prolong the war beyond the time when a good peace can be made, obviously it will never be exerted to further merely territorial and nationalistic ambitions. It is a guaranty of the democratic purposes of the Allies, not of those imperialistic commitments into which they have been forced. The Allies in welcoming us into the war have emphasized the extraordinary disinterestedness of American policy. That disinterestedness we mean to maintain, and the consequence of it is a perfectly candid determination on our part to assist only the disinterested purposes of the Allies. To put it bluntly America will not carry on the war a single day to dismember Austria-Hungary, to establish Russia in Constantinople, or to make the Adriatic an Italian lake. If Germany resists so long that her allies crumble and are destroyed, that is of course not our affair. But when Germany is ready for a real peace, we shall be ready, and the existence of a great American reserve will be the final argument.

Leadership in Congress

THE custom Congress has of selecting its committee chairmen on a basis of political old age has never had its shortcomings so clearly exhibited as during the past week. It has always been apparent that the system produced anomalies: that it put members from New England at the head of Committees on the Irrigation of Arid Lands, and gave chairmanships in the Committees on Foreign Relations to men who did not believe in the country's having any foreign relations. It has been obvious, too, that the practice did not possess even its theoretical advantage of delegating the business of Congress to the members most specially trained for handling it. For the majority of the committees are looked upon less as routes to experience than as perches upon which to rest temporarily until an opportunity comes to climb higher. Any specialized training, incidental to the process of waiting, is lost if the period of anticipation ends happily. Changes that are not explained by any logical sequence regularly take place. For instance, between the last session and the present one Senator Broussard shifted from the Committee on Interoceanic Canals to the Committee on Porto Rico, and Senator Thomas gave up Woman Suffrage for Coast Defences. Such actions as these, implying failure of the one consideration which might justify a seniority custom, have marked that custom as generally useless. Events of the past week have demonstrated that it can be not only useless but obstructive.

For the past week has shown that a Democratic administration, at the beginning of a war, has been forced to seek Republican leadership for its proposals to raise the army which a war necessitates. Mr. Dent, whose position as chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs would ordinarily have delegated to him the responsibility of managing in the House any administration army measures, was not available in a crisis because he had an honest aversion to conscription. It is the honesty of his conviction that displays the futility of depending upon seniority leadership, which demands of a man only an ability to keep from being defeated in his home district. Congress exists to legislate. To legislate it must have leaders, and a program. Yet

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it is entirely a piece of good fortune when the program—necessarily planned by the administration—happens to agree with the leaders, automatically chosen by a faculty of outliving their associates. The system may at any time result in a refusal of the leaders to take hold—which is what has happened in the present instance—or in a reluctant assumption of responsibility, as in the case of Mr. Kitchin—who, having voted against war, is now charged with the duty of piloting through the House all the financial measures in support of it. A more foolish arrangement could not be devised.

And not only does the system fail to produce leaders who will agree with the administration—which is obviously desirable—but it fails to produce leaders who will agree among themselves—obviously a prerequisite. The present situation reveals a chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee fighting against the idea of universal liability to service, and a Senate chairman whose predominant desire has long been to see that principle made the basis of a permanent system of training. It reveals, looking on to the construction of peace, a chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee who believes that we are at last taking "our stand by the side of the Allied nations who have been fighting humanity's battle for two and a half years," and a chairman of the corresponding committee in the Senate who regarded a declaration of war as "the greatest national blunder in history"—to prevent which he would "gladly lay down his life." If the custom of choosing leaders on a basis of seniority has any one effect, it is to widen the gap—already wide enough to be troublesome—between the administrative and legislative branches in the American political system.

So disquieting, indeed, are the possible results of a legislature without responsible leadership at this time, that they have attracted the attention not only of outsiders but of members of Congress themselves. In the course of the debate on the bond issue bill a number of references were made in both houses to the need of a sound working partnership with the executive departments; and a separate bill, introduced by Senator Weeks, aims at the accomplishment of this purpose by the creation of a "Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War." Six senators, four to be Democrats and two Republicans, and six representatives, equally divided between the two parties, would be chosen for membership in this committee. It would sit regardless of the adjournments of Congress, and by conferences and reports offer either branch of the government a means by which it might make its influence felt with the other. The weakness in the plan—and in others like it that have been proposed—is that they provide for a membership to be selected "by the respective committees which select the membership of the regular standing committees." No guaranty, accordingly, is offered that there will be a greater degree of cohesiveness. No reason is given for believing that the committee which is to oil the way will be any more successful at it, any less accidentally in accord with the administration program than the agencies provided by the present arrangement. The center of inflexibility is simply shifted.

What Congress needs is leadership that will be effective by being natural. Some time ago Mr. Richard S. Childs offered a suggestion to which events of the past few weeks have given new force and a cause for repetition. He proposed that instead of relying upon committee chairmen who needed persuasion or coercion to guide an almost necessarily compromised bill through Congress, the President delegate as administration leaders certain members who possessed the confidence of their associates and had an actual interest in the legislation that was being planned. In this way the administration would be assured of a more than perfunctory coöperation, and there would be definitely advertised and accepted responsibility at the Capitol. When the position of a group known to be speaking for the President became well established, members of Congress would turn to it naturally for leadership in other than routine matters; and what differences might arise, at the inception of the scheme, between administration spokesmen and the committee chairmen would be taken care of by the public attention which, while the war lasts, will be as keen as it might profitably be in times of peace. The effect of the scheme would be to create an agency with full force to initiate legislation and to secure its passage. It would free men like Mr. Kitchin from the financial responsibility of a war which they had not willed, and make certain, in such legislation as the present army bill, that if there was a conflict at least it would not be between two Democratic chairmen theoretically responsible for the enactment of consistent legislation. For its adoption the proposal needs only the feasible alteration of an existing practice. Three striking instances since the beginning of the present session have shown the great need of leadership from within Congress as well as from the outside. In the many important matters of legislation that will keep coming up during the course of the war—and the making of the peace which follows—it would seem worth the test to discover whether the proposed plan would not offer a more sensible means of securing the leadership of which Congress is so badly in need.

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Agricultural Reorganization

PERHAPS a war was not required to awaken the public to an appreciation of the fact that American agricultural development leaves much to be desired. But agricultural misadjustment and inefficiency and waste have hitherto excited merely an academic interest. Now with a war upon us in which victory may turn upon the question of our ability to feed ourselves and our allies, we fall into extreme anxiety over the condition of our agriculture. We have fertile soil enough, we have the labor power, the capital. There is no material fact that stands as an obstacle to the national desire. But the national will to produce more food has to be executed mainly through the existing agricultural population. We are applying to this population exhortation and advice and the more potent influence of the promise of liberal loans and of emergency supplies of labor. It is our hope that a sufficiently large number of farmers will respond to these influences to satisfy our requirements in the present crisis.

A considerable number of farmers, we may be sure, will not respond at all. They will look regretfully upon their wheat-fields, half winter killed, but they will not undertake the risk and labor of turning the wheat under and planting a spring crop. They will plant inferior seed, as usual, shrink back from the high price of fertilizers, as usual, surrender as usual to the weeds they cannot conquer without an effort to secure additional labor. Not even the shock of war can overcome the inertia produced by a life of patience and frustration. The failure of our agriculture to respond to a sudden need is symptomatic of an unfavorable condition that has become chronic. Our agriculture is inert because it has not been intelligently organized. If we come to a general realization of this fact we shall have derived from the war a gain by no means negligible.

We have left hosts of our farmers to form their habits of life as short term tenants on farms they could never own, excluded from the interest of experimentation by the necessity of making each year's enterprise conventionally successful. We have left other hosts to endure through years with inadequate equipment, all their energies absorbed in paying off mortgages bearing heavy interest and harsh terms of payment. The opening of new lands we have left to the feeble efforts of penniless homesteaders, and the transformation of large private tracts into farms for the many we have left to private speculators who have driven terms calculated to expose the settler to indefinite years of anxiety. It is no wonder that the more ambitious country boys, if they do not happen to inherit land, make for the city, and that much of the population remaining should give evidence of adverse selection.

Why do not our tenant farmers organize themselves into coöperative societies and thus gain leverage for the improvement of their lot? Coöperation implies leadership and a spirit of hopefulness. We can not have these in communities in which the more ambitious are continually culled out.

The conditions adversely affecting agriculture are not peculiar to America. Other countries have encountered them and have made more or less systematic attempts at alleviation. Germany, France, Italy, Denmark, Russia, the British in Ireland, New Zealand and Australia have recognized a public interest in the proper settlement of lands. They have broken up large estates into small farms, that have been turned over to the occupier not as raw land, uncleared, without buildings and equipment, but as finished plants immediately capable of full operation, and on terms of payment sufficiently easy to free the occupier from the necessity of parting with funds requisite to efficient operation. In this country we have as yet done nothing of the kind.

A sign of our awakening appears, however, in the Breed bill, now before the California legislature. The bill provides a revolving fund of $250,000 to finance, in connection with the Federal Land Bank, the purchase of tracts of land that may be transformed into farm homes. The commission in charge is authorized to call upon the state agricultural college for assistance in laying out the tracts as farm communities where it is possible to live pleasantly as well as profitably. Only persons who can give evidence of their capacity to farm intelligently would be admitted to the benefits of the project, and the commission would reserve a sufficient control over farming methods. The settler would gradually attain to full ownership through an annual payment of five per cent, representing four per cent interest and one per cent to be applied to amortization.

If the bill becomes law we shall have in motion a force that can not stop with California nor be without influence upon private land development agencies. Indeed, the discussion of the principles of the California bill has already begun to exert influence upon private settlement agencies in the state. The law can have no serious bearing upon the present crisis. But it is worth keeping in mind that the food shortage and the consequent burden upon the workingman's budget will not end with this year, nor indeed with the war. Agricultural reorganization is sufficiently important to inaugurate even at a time when immediate military necessities tend to monopolize the national attention.

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Autocracy In America

ON March 26th, the employees of the Washington Railway and Electric Company sent fifty thousand petitions to Congress asking for an investigation of the lockout and strike which has crippled one of the major public utilities of the District of Columbia for more than six weeks. A strike investigating committee, headed by Senator Hughes, was appointed, but its organization has been delayed because of resignations due to the pressure of war business. The committee has been reconstituted, and it is expected that public hearings will begin before the end of this week. It is to be hoped that war news will not crowd all reports of these hearings from the daily press. For the principle at stake between the Washington Railway Company and its striking employees is fundamentally the same as that in defense of which America has declared war upon Germany. Autocracy and democracy are struggling for supremacy on the transportation systems of the national capital.

There are two principal street car systems in Washington, the Capital Traction Company and the Washington Railway and Electric Company. Last February, the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees in behalf of the men moved for a renewal of their collective agreements with both of these corporations. The Capital Traction Company coöperated with the representatives of the union in drafting a new agreement. The negotiations seem to have proceeded in the most friendly spirit. The men are enthusiastic over the new arrangement, not only because it provides an advance in wages, but especially because it grants them some measure of democratic participation in arranging schedules and other matters designed to increase the efficiency of the service. The Washington Railway and Electric Company, on the other hand, refused to renew relations with the union, although the existing collective agreement had been carried out in good faith by the men. Instead, it adopted the autocratic tactics which the New York Railways Company and the Interborough used so effectively against the Amalgamated last autumn. The men were ordered to sign individual agreements, binding them for three years to a wage schedule dictated by the company and involving the abandonment of their organization, as a condition of employment. Since a large majority of the men refused to destroy their union by signing this individual working agreement, the company's order operated as a lockout and on Monday evening, March 12th, some thousand men quit work.

The history of the strike runs significantly parallel with that on the New York street car lines last year. The Board of District Commissioners offered to mediate, but to no purpose. The men accepted the offer; the company declined. For some days the strike proceeded in quiet. Then hundreds of professional strike-breakers poured into the city. As in New York, these gentlemen appeared to have commissions that placed them above the ordinary rules of law. Accidents due to incompetence and recklessness were of almost daily occurrence. These guests of the company boasted that they were being paid more than the oldest employees of the company had ever received. They pocketed fares openly, mulcted passengers of their coin. In Washington, one customarily buys six tickets for a quarter. "When tickets were requested," runs a report in the Washington Post, "the passenger would often receive five loose tickets and the conductor would pocket the quarter. Any protest was received with an uncompromising look or a laugh." As in New York, too, these smooth-fingered gentlemen were shown every consideration by the police. They were protected against all possible annoyance by the citizen strikers as if they were guests of the city. One night a car was held up, the passengers discharged, the car set running wild. Fifteen striking conductors and motormen were arrested. The Washington Railway Company, again following the example of the New York corporations, published flaring advertisements charging that the leaders of the Amalgamated were irresponsible men, that they were notorious law-breakers and inciters to violence, and that for the company to deal with them would be a betrayal of public trust. The assault upon property, alleged to have been the work of a small number of men whose sense of fair play had been outraged by the protected lawlessness of the imported strike-breakers, alienated public opinion.

The loss of a strike under ordinary circumstances is a more or less commonplace incident to the fortunes of war. But the loss of this strike, if, as in New York, it results in a sweeping victory for the individual working agreement, will be a vital blow not only to collective bargaining, but also to the future of industrial democracy in America. The individual contract imposed upon their employees by the New York transportation companies was a sufficiently drastic assertion of industrial autocracy, but it is mild compared with the ingenious instrument invented by the Washington corporation. In extenuation of its autocratic severity, the company pleads a demand of the Amalgamated that good standing in the union, as defined by the union itself, should be made a condition of employment and discharge. This demand, obviously intended to give the union a margin for compromise in the course

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of negotiations, never came to conference owing to the company's refusal to treat with the Amalgamated. It did not prove a bar to an agreement with the Capital Traction Company. It was similar to a demand of the Amalgamated made in New York and promptly modified in the conference over which Mayor Mitchel presided. But the Washington Railway and Electric Company advances it as a principal reason why "the company is dealing with its individual trainmen, who are signing a contract for a term of three years." In support of this contract, the company asserts that it provides "a liberal wage increase." As a matter of fact, the increases vary from one-half cent an hour for men who have been employed less than one year, to three cents an hour for men who have had an unblemished record for ten years or more. The maximum rate as published by the company, after ten years of service, will be thirty cents an hour, which on the basis of a twelve hour day and one day's rest in seven, is a trifle more than the amount which the City of New York has fixed as the minimum required to maintain the families of unskilled workmen in decency and health.

But the most impressive clause in the contract is that which provides for the adjustment of grievances. Individual employees, appearing in person or represented by any other employee in the same class of service, are permitted to present grievances on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month to the Superintendent, who shall give them a hearing. An appeal from his decision may be taken on the third Tuesday of the month to the President of the company, "who shall hear such appeal and correct any erroneous decision of the Superintendent. And within ten days thereafter any such grievance not satisfactorily disposed of in the foregoing manner shall be referred to the Public Utilities Commission of the District of Columbia." The findings of the Commission shall be final and binding upon both parties. The company further agrees "to at all times conform to and obey any and all such decisions, and that this contract shall in all things be liberally construed so as to provide an effectual and constantly available remedy to adjudicate all controversies which may at any time arise."

By this amazing ukase, the officers of the company will act as judge and jury of all complaints against themselves. It would be a bold trainman who would go over the heads of the Superintendent and President of the company, both of whom retain absolute powers of discharge. Any attempt at collective action on the part of the men, for the redress of any grievance whatsoever, would not only make them liable to immediate discharge for insubordination, but would also expose them to legal prosecution. If the strike is broken on this issue those men who have begun to build homes and who will be forced into submission by the economic needs of their families, will gain fresh insight into the Thirteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution.

The power of the company to enforce its autocratic will against its disorganized employees is absolute. That such power should be uncompromisingly exercised by the holders of a public franchise and especially of a street railway franchise in the national capital is an outrage upon the very principle of democracy. The brutalizing effect of its use is matter of common observation to everyone whose business brings him into daily contact with the cowed and shame-faced men who are operating the surface lines under the individual agreement imposed upon them by the New York companies. It destroys the self-respect and sense of moral integrity which is essential to good citizenship in a democracy. In New York, the companies applied their power ruthlessly in defiance of the attempted intervention of the Mayor and the Chairman of the Public Service Commission. The Washington company has declined the good offices of the governing board of the District. For the sake of decent and harmonious industrial relationships, which have such critical importance to the nation at this time, we hope that the Strike Investigating Committee of the United States Senate will be effective in arousing the public opinion not only of Washington, but of the entire country to the menace to our democratic institutions latent in the individual working agreement signed under duress. If the street railway employees of Washington are forced to surrender their legal right of collective action, the autocratic invasion of their liberty will cast a cloud of suspicion over the minds of millions of wage-workers to whom democracy in their daily employment is as precious as democracy in Europe.

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Our Duty in the Air

IT is true that our first duty in the war is ships; but it may be that there is only a very narrow margin, after all, between that duty and the one that immediately succeeds it — namely aeroplanes; and so I turn to aeroplanes for the space of one article at this time to try to indicate, on the best information and belief available, the general capacity of the United States for providing aeroplanes and the approximate number of machines and men that will be needed from the United States in the air of France and Belgium on the western front to extinguish the last rays of German military vision and to make the German army fight and perish really finally totally blind.

There is an American aviator in the United States to-day who has returned to us from the western front expressly to speak to us in this matter with authority. He confirms the report that the French and English now maintain a clear superiority over the Germans in the air but that nevertheless the Germans are able from time to time to increase their output of machines and to offer renewed resistance on a large scale to French and English reconnaissances and even to resume reconnaissances of their own over the French and English trenches and guns in full force at unexpected points. The French and English have a superiority, but a superiority is not enough. What must be got and what can be got, to shorten the war to its shortest by the shortest method, is an absolute supremacy. It can be got by the manufacturing capacity of the United States.

It would mean that we, in the Allied army, would be able, not occasionally but continuously, to shift the locations of guns and of roads and of railways and of masses of men without a German eye upon us, while our own eyes would reach unimpeded from the nearest German trench to the remotest German shell-dump. It would mean that we would shoot at marks spotted by aeroplanes while the Germans would shoot at unspotted guesses, not part of the time but all the time. Such a supremacy is conceivable—and feasible. The French and English are on the edge of it. The trouble is that they seem to be unable, because of the other enormous instant demands on their manufacturing capacity, to go over the edge. A certain number of additional machines and men would push them over. By furnishing those machines and those men the United States would put its strength at the point of decisive service and its flag at the van of victory. The question is: "How many?"

Our returned aviator gives a definite answer. He says: "Five thousand." Five thousand additional machines and men in the air on the western front would bring the war to its last stage, its purely subjective stage, a stage in which just one point would remain unsettled: How much loss, how much continuous agony, is a blinded, random-hitting, wriggling Germany willing to suffer before vomiting out Pan-Germanism and opening a meek mouth for the thin and spiceless but highly nourishing gruel of Pan-Humanism?

How soon, then, could we furnish five thousand machines and men? First, the men.

We start, we must confess, with almost vacant ranks. The total number of our military aviators does not reach 200. Our training fields are few. There is one at San Diego, California; another at Memphis, Tennessee; another at Mineola, Long Island, New York; and another, very new, at Essington, near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. So meagre are our facilities for training that we have been obliged to send recruits, a handful at a time, to fields established by the private enterprise of the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation at Newport News, West Virginia, and at Miami, Florida.

Recruits come forward, just the same, by the thousand. They offer themselves to the Army and to the Navy and to the Aero Clubs of New York and Philadelphia and Chicago and to the Aeronautical Society of America and to magazines like Flying and the Aerial Age and Aviation and to every other public and private institution within the range of possible aeronautical influence and opportunity. They even, as in the case of the Aerial Coast Patrol Units, when the navy cannot accommodate them at its one training field at Pensacola, Florida, go and get machines and trainers largely at their own expense or at the expense of their friends and associates and depart into quarters of their own for practice at West Palm Beach. The easiest, quickest thing the United States can do in the way of men for the front is five thousand, ten thousand, fifty thousand aviators.

But the training of them? For this task it is allowable to assume that the French and English and Canadians will give us a body of trainers in addition to the trainers we ourselves already have. It is allowable to assume that we shall have trainers, in quantity. How long, then, will it take a good trainer to train a good man? Not more than six weeks, if we adopt a certain idea suggested by our fellow-countryman from the French air service.

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The root of this idea is to train our recruits, at first, not for work on aeroplanes that fight but for work on aeroplanes that scout. A battle-pilot is a long task. A reconnaissance-pilot is a relatively short one. Let us go into the air service on the western front by its fastest entrance. Our fellow-countryman was himself trained for reconnaissances at Buc in France during a period beginning on a first of July and ending on a fifteenth of August. He then flew, and he afterwards taught others to fly. He has been pupil, operator, and teacher. He knows what can be done, and how. We can go into reconnaissance and release a certain number of Frenchmen and Englishmen for battle and then work on into battle ourselves. Taking this route, we can reach the front and learn at the front and help emphatically to win the war with less than half of the training-time that would be required for making complete perfected American battle-units. It is an idea of coöperation and of immediate helpfulness. Adopting it, we can begin to send American aviators to France and Belgium and to the western front into actual service long before the summer is out, in numbers limited only by one consideration—the machines.

So what of the machines?

Much has been said against American aeroplanes and particularly against the motors in American aeroplanes. It is said often in a manner most unjust. No art was ever yet learned without practice, incessant practice, voluminous practice. And how much practice has our government given to our manufacturers of aeroplanes? In the eight years from 1908 to 1915, inclusive, the United States army ordered just fifty-nine aeroplanes and it ordered them from just four manufacturers. At the end of 1915 the great war had been going on for seventeen months. I admire the blandness with which Mr. Wilson now tells us to put our backs into the war. It is not so easy to improvise an aeroplane as it is to improvise a new political policy. And I admire the cool aloofness with which certain departmental officials remark that for some reason American manufacturers cannot make aeroplanes and aeroplane-motors as precisely nice as those of Europe. The reason rises manifest from the very surface of things to stub the toe of anybody who does not live on an Olympian bureaucratic cloud. The European manufacturers have had orders: our manufacturers have not. Probably more than $20,000,000 of American capital has been plunged and sunk and lost puttering about making piffling experiments in the hope, unguided and unrealized, of orders from the government of the United States.

To-day the total number of aeroplanes in service in the army is less than 100; and the total number of aeroplane-factories so equipped as to justify ordinary regular conventional governmental orders is, according to Mr. Charles D. Walcott, head of the Smithsonian Institution and head of our United States Government Advisory Committee on Aeronautics, twelve. They employ altogether perhaps some 7,000 men. I am told by Mr. Frederick W. Barker, President of the Aeronautical Society of America, that these factories, as they are, could produce a surplus of only about six hundred machines between now and the first of next year.

Therefore I calculate that they will not remain as they are. In the lounging-rooms of aero clubs one still hears the tale of the American manufacturer who talked with the English government about his output. It was some four machines a month. The English government wanted it to be some four machines a day. The manufacturer replied that any such expansion would require an advance of capital. "How much?" said the English government. "Oh, about two hundred thousand," said the manufacturer, with a beating heart, and then felt it almost stop beating when the English government, instead of sending him two hundred thousand *dollars*, innocently sent him two hundred thousand *pounds*. It is a grand yarn and, whether painstakingly true or not, illustrates accurately the principles on which rapid expansion of capacity was secured for the government at London. These principles are simple: Orders and, when and where necessary, checks.

It is heart-rending to think that in such circumstances a few occasional exceptional manufacturers might skin the government, but it is better to be skinned by a few negligible Americans than by 67,000,000 Germans. Mr. Ronald Webster of the staff of the Chicago Tribune has observed, out of his experience as a militiaman on the Mexican border, that the government of the United States spends millions of dollars every year lashing ninety-nine men out of a hundred tight to an immovable pillar of inefficiency and stagnation in order to prevent the hundredth man from walking off with a bridle or a strap or a buckle. No such policy can produce 5,000 aeroplanes by January 1st, 1918. A different policy might—and perhaps will.

The fact is that we have made aeroplanes with very considerable success for the Allies on such models and for such service as the Allies have specified to us, in bulk. This has been the case, for instance, with the machines sent so numerously to the other side by the Curtiss company. The fact is also that we are even now turning out certain European aeroplane-motors in bulk. This is the case, for instance, with the motors now being manufactured on the Hispano-Suiza model by the Wright-Martin Aircraft Corporation at New

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Brunswick, New Jersey. The fact is, further, that the United States is better provided than any other country in the world with firms which, though outside the regular aeroplane business, are capable of being impressed into it.

We are peculiarly rich in wood and in firms that work in wood. Furniture firms and canoe firms, for instance, are admirable candidates for a selective draft into the ranks of the makers of aeroplane-bodies. For aeroplane-motors, besides our present manufacturers, we are happy in possessing an unparalleled number of firms making motors for motor-cars and for motor-boats. From corresponding firms on the other side of the Atlantic there have come some of the best aeroplane-motors of the war. Certain of the largest and most formidable English aeroplanes are equipped with motors built by the English motor-car firm Rolls-Royce. Already several of our own motor-car and motor-boat firms have exhibited aeroplane-motors growing out of their motor-car and motor-boat experience.

The United States has the equipment, actual and potential, capable of being expanded to the desired capacity within a period of only a few months. And it has the skill, on two conditions: first, that models and instructors are furnished copiously by the French and the English to show us such specifications and methods as we may not now understand; and, second, that orders are placed by our government not only copiously but continuously for several years to come to justify the expansion undertaken.

I say continuously; because continuity is essential to sound technical progress. The Advisory Committee on Aeronautics has calculated that our permanent air-service will demand an annual supply of 4,000 new aeroplanes. Why should it not be possible for the Administration and the Congress to establish an aerial building program at least as definite as the three-year naval building program laid down in the Navy Act of August 29th, 1916? Under such conditions we should see sound technical progress rapidly made by manufacturers of a solid sort, experimenting toward the hope of participation in a known business.

Probably nobody in the United States has studied this whole field more uninterruptedly or more intently than Henry Woodhouse of the Aero Club of New York. I asked him directly whether or not, if the conditions named were met, the United States could produce 5,000 aeroplanes by January 1st 1918, and then renew all breakages and losses among those five thousand to the end of the war. He replied that in his judgment there was not the slightest doubt that the answer was totally, without reservation of any kind, "Yes."

Will our government try it? Is our government trying it now? Here we walk in the shadow of the Censor, on darkened territory. Yet there are certain footprints discernible even in that gloom and mentionable even under that oppression.

There are three gentlemen, for instance, formerly civilians, well known in the automobile industry, who issue now from the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps and hold rapid civilian converse with other civilians likely to be able to make aeroplane-bodies and aeroplane-motors and aeroplane-sundries. And the other day in the office of the Society of Automotive Engineers on Thirty-ninth Street in New York there was a meeting of a Standards Committee for the making of standards for spark-plug shells and all other standardizable parts of aeroplanes—a meeting attended by gentlemen from the Signal Corps and by gentlemen from important corporations both in and out of the regular aeroplane business—all engineers.

Civilians, commercial civilians, engineering civilians, are taking hold; and the government is letting them take hold. Who they are, and what they are about, it will not be wrongful for me to say if I say it, as I shall, without impinging on immediate statistics. They seem to me to prophesy that happy day when the general principle will be accepted that we do not run West Point to produce manufacturers and buyers and accountants of motors and bridles and socks. The function of the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps is to drive aeroplanes into the teeth of German aeroplanes on the western front. The function of fighters is to fight. Let the fighters give us the specifications of what they need and let the rest of us get it and carry it to them. That is what we are for. That is what we can do—and do better than the fighters can.

Last week I saw a hale young captain of the regular army settling down in Chicago to spend his time in buying socks. I offered to get him a sock-buyer who could run circles around him from the gents' furnishing department of Marshall Field's store. He was obliged sadly to decline. From his case and, on the other hand, from the case of the civilians who are now helping to organize the building and buying of aeroplanes for the government of the United States, I shall venture to try to show, in my next article, a contrast between the system which would get us to the western front sometime in 1918 and the new sort of system which, if held and developed, may quite possibly get us there, with our aeroplanes and our aviators, dominating the German lines and the future of the war, while we can still say 1917.

WILLIAM HARD.

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Billy Sunday, Salesman

OYSTER soup is a standard item in the money-making church supper. The orphan oyster searching vainly for a playmate in an ocean of church soup is a favorite object of Billy Sunday's pity. He loves to caricature the struggling church, with its time-serving, societyfied, tea-drinking, smirking preachers. "The more oyster soup it takes to run a church," he shouts sarcastically, "the faster it runs to the devil."

An attitude so scornful as this may seem highly unconventional to the outsider. It leads him to think that Billy Sunday is a radical. The agility with which the Rev. Billy climbs to the top of his pulpit and then pops to the platform on all fours suggests a corresponding mental agility. He must be a dangerous element in the church, the outsider imagines, he must be a religious revolutionary. And then the outsider beholds John Wanamaker or John D. Rockefeller, Jr., on the platform alongside the revivalist—pillars of society, prosperous and respectable gentlemen who instinctively know their business.

Fond as his friends are of comparing Billy Sunday to Martin Luther or John the Baptist, none of them pushes the comparison on the lines of radicalism, and Sunday himself waives the claim to being considered revolutionary. "I drive the same kind of nails all orthodox preachers do," he says in one of his sermons. "The only difference is that they use a tack hammer and I use a sledge." No one supposes that Martin Luther could have said this. Sledge-hammer orthodoxy was not exactly the distinguishing characteristic of Martin Luther. The conservatism of Billy Sunday's message is the first fact about him. Where he differs from the orthodox preacher is not in his soul but in his resolution. He has the mind of Martin Tupper rather than of Martin Luther, but it is combined with that competent American aggressiveness which one finds in a large way in George M. Cohan, Theodore Roosevelt, even Ty Cobb. Theology does not interest Billy Sunday. He compares it to ping-pong and compares himself to a jack-rabbit and says he knows as little about theology as a jack-rabbit knows about ping-pong. What he cares about is religious revival. He knows the church is in bitter need of revival. He is out to administer digitalis, in his own phrase, instead of oyster soup.

For many years the church has been waning and Billy Sunday scorns the effeminate, lily-handed efforts at resuscitation that the churchmen have employed. To put pepperino into a religious campaign, to make Christianity hum, requires more than cushioned pews, extra music, coffee and macaroons. Had Billy Sunday been in the regular theatrical business he would not have fussed with a little independent theatre. He would have conducted a Hippodrome. To rival the profane world's attractions he sees no reason for rejecting the profane world's methods. So tremendous an object as curing an institution's pernicious anæmia justifies the most violent, outrageous experiment.

If Jesus Christ were a new automobile or an encyclopædia or a biscuit, Billy Sunday would have varied the method he has employed in putting Him over, but he would not have varied the spirit of his revival-enterprise in any essential particular. His object, as he sees it, is to sell Christ. It is an old story that from its economic organization society takes its complexion. The Sunday revival takes its complexion from business enterprise without a single serious change. There is one great argument running all through Billy Sunday's sermons—the argument that salvation will prove a profitable investment—but much more clearly derived from business than the ethics preached by Billy Sunday is the method he has devised for promoting Jesus Christ. Even the quarrel between "Ma" Sunday and the man who has lost the postcard concession is an illustration of the far-reaching efficiency of the system. The point is not that money is being made out of the system. "An effort to corrupt Billy Sunday," to use a paraphrase, "would be a work of supererogation, besides being immoral." If Billy Sunday has a large income, $75,000 or $100,000 a year, it is not because he is mercenary. It is only because a large income is part of the natural fruits of his promoting ability. Left to himself, it is quite unlikely that Billy Sunday would care a straw about his income, beyond enough to live well and satisfy his vanity about clothes. It is Mrs. Sunday who sees that her promoter-husband is not left penniless by those Christian business men who so delightedly utilize his services.

The backbone of Billy Sunday's success is organization. When organization has delivered the crowd Billy is ready to sweat for it and spit for it and war-whoop for it and dive for base before the devil can reach him. He is ready to have "Rody" come on the program with his slide-trombone and to have any volunteer who wishes to do it hit the sawdust-trail. But he does not let his success depend on any program. His audiences are, in great measure, contracted for in advance.

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It is in grasping the necessity for this kind of preparedness, in taking from the business world its lessons as to canvassing and advertising and standardizing the goods, that Billy can afford to jeer at oyster soup. As his authorized biographer complacently says, "John the Baptist was only a voice: but Billy Sunday is a voice, plus a bewildering array of committees and assistants and organized machinery. He has committees galore to coöperate in his work: a drilled army of the Lord. In the list of Scranton workers that is before me I see tabulated an executive committee, the directors, a prayer-meeting committee, an entertainment committee, an usher committee, a dinner committee, a business women's committee, a building committee, a nursery committee, a personal workers' committee, a decorating committee, a shop-meetings committee—and then a whole list of churches and religious organizations in the city as ex-officio workers!" In New York on April 9th there was a private meeting of 7,000 personal workers, "another step in the direction of greasing the campaign."

Unless Billy Sunday had some skill as a performer he naturally could not hold his place as a revivalist. His success consists largely, however, in the legendary character that has been given him by all the agencies that seek to promote this desperate revival of orthodox religion. His acrobatic stunts on the platform are sufficiently shocking to make good publicity. His much-advertised slang, repeated over and over, has a similar sensational value. But the main point about him is the dramatization of his own personality. His virility is perhaps his chief stock-in-trade. No one, not Mr. Roosevelt himself, has insisted so much on his personal militant masculinity. Although well over fifty, his youthful prowess as a baseball-player is still a headline-item in his story, and every sermon he preaches gives him a chance to prove he is physically fit. In addition to this heroic characteristic there is his fame as a self-made man. He is a plain man of the people, as he never fails to insist. He carries "the malodors of the barnyard" with him. But he has succeeded. The cost of his special tabernacle is one of his big distinctions. The size of his collections is another. His personal fortune, in spite of all criticism, is a third. Besides these heroic attributes of strength and wealth there is his melodramatic simplicity of mind. All of his sermons are "canned" and a great deal of the material in them is borrowed, but he manages to deliver his message straight from the shoulder, as if it were his own. There can be no doubt that his shouting, his slang, his familiarity with Jesus, his buttonholing old God, his slang-version of the Bible, do offend large numbers of people. They arrest attention so successfully, even in these cases, that they turn out to be well advised. There is nothing spontaneous about these antics. They are switched on at the beginning of a revival and switched off as it succeeds. They are Sunday's native way of lighting up the strait and narrow path with wriggling electric signs.

Billy Sunday has too much energy to stick completely fast in the mud of conservatism. He is capable of advocating sex instruction for the young, for example, and he permits himself the wild radicalism of woman suffrage. But as regards vested interests and patriotism and war he is a conservative, practically a troglodyte. What he attacks with fervor are the delinquents in ordinary conduct, especially the people who lack self-control. "Booze-hoisters" and card-players and tango-dancers and cigarette-smokers are his pet abominations—genuine abominations. Profanity, strange to say, is another evil that he fights with fire. Honesty, sobriety, chastity—these are virtues that he exalts, illustrating the horror of failing in them by means of innumerable chromatic anecdotes. The devil he constantly attacks, though never with real solemnity. "The devil has been practising for six thousand years and he has never had appendicitis, rheumatism or tonsilitis. If you get to playing tag with the devil he'll beat you every chip." It is more for spice and snap that he introduces the devil than to terrify his public. The Bible is his serious theme, and he feels about it almost the way Martin Tupper did:

The dear old Family Bible should be still our champion volume,
The Medo-Persic law to us, the standard of our Rights . . .
It is a joy, an honour, yea a wisdom, to declare
A boundless, an infantile faith in our dear English Bible!
The garden, and the apple, and the serpent, and the ark,
And every word in every verse, and in its literal meaning,
And histories and prophecies and miracles and visions,
In spite of learned unbelief,—we hold it all plain truth:
Not blindly, but intelligently, after search and study;
Hobbes and Paine considered well, and Germany and Colenso . . .
The Bible made us what we are, the mightiest Christian nation . . .
The Bible, standing in its strength a pyramid four-square,
The plain old English Bible, a gem with all its flaws . . .
Is still the heaven-blest fountain of conversion and salvation.

One of Billy Sunday's boasts is that the liquor interests hate him. "That dirty, stinking bunch of moral assassins hires men to sit in the audience to hear me, to write down what I say and then try to find some author who said something like it and accuse me of having stolen my ideas. I know that

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$30,000 was offered a man in New York City to write a series of articles attacking me. All right; if you know anything about me that you want to publish, go to it. Everything they say about me is a dirty, stinking, black-hearted lie. The whole thing is a frame-up from A to Izzard. I'll fight them till hell freezes over, and then borrow a pair of skates. By the grace of God I've helped to make Colorado and Nebraska and Iowa and Michigan and West Virginia dry, and I serve notice on the dirty gang that I'll help to make the whole nation dry." (New York Times, April 19th, 1917.)

Assuming these points to be well taken, there is still great room to doubt the deep religious effect of a Billy Sunday revival. Men like William Allen White and Henry Allen have testified on his behalf in Kansas, and he has the undying gratitude of many hundred human beings for moral stimulus in a time of need. In spite of the thousands who have hit the sawdust trail, however, it is difficult to believe that more than a tiny proportion of his auditors are religiously affected by him. The great majority of those who hit the trail are people who merely want to shake his hand. Very few give any signs of seriousness or "conversion." The atmosphere of the tabernacle, bright with electric light and friendly with hymn-singing, is not religiously inspiring, and in the voice and manner of Billy Sunday there is seldom a contagious note. His audiences are curious to see him and hear him. He is a remarkable public entertainer, and much that he says has keen humor and verbal art and horse sense. But for all his militancy, for all his pugnacious vociferation, he leaves an impression of being at once violent and incommunicative, a sales agent for Christianity but not a guide or a friend.

Still, as between Billy Sunday's gymnastics and the average oyster soup, Messrs. Wanamaker and Rockefeller naturally put their money on Sunday. Theirs is the world of business enterprise, of carpets and socks, Socony and Nujol, and if Christ could have been put over in the same way, by live-wire salesmanship, Billy was the man.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

The New Science

'We Germans Have Invented a New Science, the Science of Organization"—Professor Ostwald.

THE sun is high in the heavens when we turn our backs on Le Sars, and leaving Courcelette on our right proceed along the freshly metalled high road to the west—freshly metalled, for road-making is a constant and urgent necessity. Behind us and to the right is the constant roar of artillery, whilst a half mile in front on both sides of the road, flashes from out of the ground, followed by a hissing sound of shells passing over our heads, reveal British heavy batteries.

As we walk westward, companies from labor battalions are at work road-making, rivetting the banks on both sides and widening the roads where only lanes have been. Constantly the traffic increases, mule teams turning to the right and left from the main thoroughfare, bring metalling for the roadways and food for both men and guns. A half dozen Red Cross light motor ambulances pass us going westward bearing their harvest of the night, one not completely filled stops at an underground dressing station to pick up two walking cases. Away to the north, around the shelter of a low hill within a half mile of the front line a contractor's engine is hauling its load of trucks to the now constantly advancing railhead. Still walking on, the traffic increases until it becomes a constant stream of loaded wagons, lorries, heavy guns, field kitchens and the like going eastward and, emptier, returning west; but not all are empties for many are filled with the refuse of war, tattered equipment, broken rifles, damaged machine guns, empty shell and cartridge cases and what not, all going back to be remade at the base. Nor these alone—even the refuse from the field kitchens, discarded material of all kinds, is taken to the rear to be boiled down so that with all fatty matters that it may contain, glycerine may be made for the munition factories.

As far as the eye can reach on all sides the ground is but a tangled mass of reddish-brown broken earth, a veritable network of shell craters (the water in them frozen to ice) and, where villages have stood, of twisted iron. As the fighting line gets more distant tent villages and clusters of Nisson huts, the invention of a Canadian engineer, all made to pattern, completely interchangeable, painted over in invisible color schemes, are springing up. The inhabitants of this shell-torn region, on its surface to all appearance a desert, must number hundreds of thousands, but off the roads hardly a man is to be seen.

We are to meet our car at Pozières, and stop to ask a sun-stained, blue-eyed, lithe-figured Australian if the road we are on will take us there. "You are standing, Sir," he replies, "in the high street of Pozières." Here the traffic is slower but

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there is no confusion; in the center at a crossroad stands a military policeman governing the traffic with the same quiet authority which he practised in Piccadilly Circus scarcely two years ago. Everywhere order and system—no one hurries, no one loiters. By the roadside ever and again we pass little cemeteries—graves carefully tended, a wooden cross to most of them with the name of the dead painted on it. Every name and grave is registered. Suddenly the familiar sound of "Archies" breaks out and we see puffs of shrapnel high in the air, and watching, catch sight of a German aeroplane, headed off and returning at full speed to its own lines.

West of Albert the country changes in detail but not in character; we pass lines of trenches, it is true, protected by barbed wire, but the ground has not been fought over. In a run of perhaps forty miles we encounter some five hundred motor lorries, eight or ten at a time traveling in line together. As we pass through villages more than a dozen miles from the battlefield, in all of which troops are billeted, at every cross road there stands the military policeman directing traffic. The road labor here is not all British, it is in many places German prisoners who are at work in gangs of forty to fifty, each gang in charge of a British soldier with fixed bayonet. Fine men they are too, and good laborers, these German prisoners, ranging apparently from twenty to forty years of age. Contentment is written on their faces, for they are in safety, well fed and under kindly discipline.

All is scrupulously clean and tidy—no waste paper or tin pots and pans lie about; fixed to a tree at every village is a box "For Nails"; every nail seen in the roadway must be picked up and put here out of danger to tires.

At a railway crossing, accustomed as we have become to French locomotives, we are held up by a heavy goods train going east; we have seen in the near distance the steam from many such on both light railways and permanent way tracks. They pass regularly at short intervals. There is something that strikes us, however, as strange about this locomotive, till we recognize that it is English. But beyond sending rolling stock England is doing more for the railways of northern France, which must uninterruptedly feed the long battle front and the advanced bases. Single lines are being doubled, English plate-layers, navvies and English cavalry whose mounted work is just now of the past and of the future, are working on the lines. In two years England has laid down more than four thousand miles of new road and rail in northern France.

One day in 1916 the inhabitants of an English country district, through which a light railway ran, had notice that the stations would be closed on and after a certain date until further notice; when that day came they woke up to find that the metals and sleepers, switches and signals were already being torn up by navvies and shipped off to France. The same happened in Scotland and in some of the far-away dominions.

Somewhere in France at one of the several bases from which railways and motor lorry lines radiate to the front (and there are many such, covering many acres of ground) a giant factory is the hospital for damaged and worn-out material. It is fed by barges towed along one of the canals so famous in this district, and for its export it is served by railways and motor lorries.

We enter through the machine shop and find some hundreds of mechanics busy upon broken rifles, machine guns, armored cars, field guns and the like. Skilled gunsmiths from the Midlands are at work here, riveters, turners, carpenters, wheelwrights and blacksmiths. Here all repairs are done and the perfect article returned to the front again.

Entering another shop we find huge stacks of worn-out boots in every degree of disrepair. These are first sorted out like patients in a hospital according to their various injuries. Those requiring new soles go in one direction, those which must have new toes or sides are passed on in another. Here the boots are refitted completely, and finally go into a bath of hot oil where they are thoroughly soaked. If any British soldier of the three million or so in France expresses a wish to have a certain pair of boots returned to him that fit him with comfort, he is certain of getting that same pair back. By means of an ingenious invention devised here for the purpose by the officer in charge of the department, any few square inches of leather which would otherwise be wasted are passed through a cutter and converted into boot laces. Next door, equipment and haversacks are being boiled, scrubbed and repaired in regard to every detail and turned out as good as new. Old tent canvas, haversacks and equipment which cannot be repaired are being converted into entirely different articles.

Crossing the yard-way, we hear the sound of subdued voices singing part songs, and entering a building of three floors we find some two thousand women and girls, mostly refugees from Belgium and the invaded districts of France. They sing in subdued unison, whilst they tend the sewing machines, cutting machines and stamping tools. It is here that gas masks and goggles for protection against lacrimatory shells are manufactured, for the most part out of material which has already served other purposes.

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Elsewhere are the engine and rolling stock repair shops, the motor repair shops, the hospitals for damaged aircraft, the photographic studios, the lithographers, the map makers, the printing presses, the electrical instrument repair shops, every requirement indeed of a highly organized community.

Some distance away a bakery supplying but a small portion of the army is situated in a fine building of two stories. The flour is lifted from the rail to the upper stories, here it is mixed and kneaded in rows of long, scrupulously clean troughs; from these when it is ready, it is wrapped in cloths and is passed down by means of a slide to the floor below, where it is met by relays of men who deliver it to the ovens which occupy the whole length of the ground floor. From these ovens the two-pound loaves are taken to the store, 400,000 loaves per day, bread for one day for 800,000 men.

Into the French ports of the north come regularly, interrupted only by fog, a constant stream of vessels, carrying men, food, guns, equipment and material of all kinds for the army. They discharge on the quays into long sheds, divided up into sections according to the nature of the material and its destination. As we watch at a quay side, 50,000 pounds of cheese are being taken in from a tramp steamer which crosses the Channel to and fro every other day. The dock is packed full with a small, new type of cargo steamer, designed since the war for this special work, and of which there is now quite a fleet, all made to one pattern, which may be seen crossing at all hours of the day and night. Outside the harbor, restless destroyers keep constant watch over the shipping.

That science of organization of which Professor Ostwald so characteristically boasted as his country's own, acquired over a period of many years, has been learned in the space of two. I have only touched briefly in outline upon the organization of material—the business organization; the organization of the medical service is no less complete and is if possible more wonderful still; of the organization of the fighting forces it is a soldier's province to tell.

As I looked over the Somme battlefield I recognized the glory of heroic achievement, while my heart fell at the thought of its cost, not alone in lives, but in the huge waste of material. Now that I have seen into but a small portion of the vast organization of the greatest fighting machine the world has known, a machine improvised hurriedly, adapted and finally completely and perfectly organized in every detail for its purpose, in the period of a few months, I ask myself whether the battlefield of the Somme and the battlefield of Ypres are not indeed the school-houses in which Britain is learning to know her own power as she never realized it before, whilst effecting an achievement as magnificent in respect to organization, adaptation and inventiveness as it is glorious in self-sacrifice and heroism.

W. M. MEREDITH.

Irrelevant Art

SOMEWHERE in Jean-Christophe Rolland mentions the "little reviews," to one of which Olivier contributed—papers of small circulation and almost no resources which continually appear in France around new ideas and new authors, and as often die, their larvae having taken wings into the large air of the wider artistic world. Looking for the signs of a greater vitality in our own literature and art, I wondered some years ago whether we could not hope for American aesthetic reviews which would mature those who had something to express and who by this means would escape being trained to the automatic motions of our standardized magazines. Now these papers have sprung up in dozens. Most of them are revolutionary in design. There was The Little Review, which began in high spirits, published some interesting experiments and a few achievements, and in the course of three years has sunk to pink covers with purple labels and an issue "ecstatically dedicated to Mary Garden." There are the numerous magazines of verse, varying in excellence and dignity, but with a few exceptions precarious and unproductive of much that the public will ever like. There are art reviews, institutional and ridiculous, like The Art World, rebellious and as yet irrelevant, like The Soil. There is The Seven Arts, which, in so far as it is successful, belongs to the greater public rather than to any smaller one, and draws many of its best writers from abroad. There are newer irresponsibilities, like Spawn, the product of a reproduction by fission from The Masses, and supported by its contributors on the principle of every man his own editor. There are student publications, such as one just out of Columbus, Ohio, which shows fire and ability, but bears little taint of its origin—calling itself The Sansculotte and using as its pièces de resistance exotic affairs by Pshebishevsky and Andreyev.

There remains a deep dissatisfaction for an American who craves aesthetic vitality in his country. The little reviews have come with their larvae, but where, in spite of all their separatist excellences, are the winged graduates? Where can one breathe the larger air of American art? The re-

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bellion seems nullified by the dulness of the authority against which it is directed. Our academicians themselves are struggling for air. It is only necessary to read William Crary Brownell on Standards to see how needless and futile is any attack on artistic convention. Mr. Brownell thinks, to be sure, he is being drowned in anarchistic revolt. The revolutionists think they are being stifled by Mr. Brownell. But they are both wasting time to peck at each other, when the real obstacle of each is the preoccupation of the great public, whom each confuses with the other. Nor is poetry and literature the only art that is so confounded. The unexploited drama struggles on in little theatres and by private subvention. The higher the seriousness of a new painter the more dilettante and superficial his worshippers. New composers can be generally heard only when advertised by another art, like the ballet or the opera. The ballet itself, one of the oldest and finest of arts, arrives with the suddenness of a spring fashion, and drifts out to the four winds with strange little rhythmic philosophies. The truth is that there exists, for whatever cause, a chasm between most of the genuine aesthetic expression and the national life, whether that expression be rebellious or conservative. Individual aesthetic expression is not merely in a minority, it is irrelevant, it does not function.

Mr. Brownell presents a despairing enough case for the academic. Standards, he says, are necessary for any real appreciation, even hostile, and homogeneous, high standards cannot come without familiarity with the best that has gone before. But how could any sufficient body of people in the modern world possibly be as learned as Mr. Brownell? Too much of the best has been written, in too many languages. If one has to spend a life in study before one can recognize an authentic poem, true recognition will vanish except amid some hermit order of St. Matthew Arnold. And it is plain that if one is to add to his knowledge of the old a knowledge of the new, so that one can really see what modern artists are doing, one must know even more. Even if, unlike Mr. Brownell, one grants that the modern vagaries are not mere ignorant revolt, but rest upon and develop from the best of the old, the case is more hopeless yet. An expert on the tariff, spending most of his energy in research, might find nothing but torture in the new painting. Go off and play by yourselves, he might say to the artists, and don't berate me because I still prefer Raphael. I'm not a specialist in design; I haven't time to catch up. I delve in schedules. While the thing that pleases me in my specialty may be a mathematical pamphlet, I don't expect you to get much further than Adam Smith or Mill. Why do we bother each other with our specialties?

The difficulty with that is, of course, that each of us doesn't live in a little private world of his own. We are not separated into economic men and musical men. To be sure, there is no moral obligation either to know all about tariffs or to enjoy cubist pictures. Yet those who study economics can see only too clearly that one of the chief troubles with the modern state is that the majority of people don't understand anything about economics later than Adam Smith or Mill. It isn't just a matter of personal taste; what we think about economic principles, or the fact that we don't think enough about them, makes a profound difference in all our institutions. And the knowledge that an inhabitant of the present world derives most of his aesthetic exercise from cultures produced by and for people in a different kind of civilization is equally distressing to the artist. It controverts the whole faith and purpose of art, which must be a living expression as well as a record. The artist cannot believe that a society is really made for the complete man if it confines all its aesthetic satisfaction to absorption, and to absorption, too, of ancient genius, or if its appreciation of the new is the result of solemn moral effort. Such a practice in the long run must prevent the development of sound human beings, must give to aesthetic impulses only involute, grotesque, second-hand expressions. No matter how little the artist may look for pecuniary rewards, no matter how much he may scorn the applause of the public, there is buried somewhere within him the need to feel at home in society. No human activity can thrive and function so long as it is delimited by a class of specialists who cannot exist as a world to themselves.

The problem of our civilization is how to synthesize all its vast material; how to keep on growing without splitting apart into unrelated and helpless fragments. Graham Wallas in The Great Society raises this doubt as to our social and political institutions. The mere machinery of society is now so multifarious that it seems likely to break down of its own weight. Is man capable of encompassing all he has to know and do in this kind of world? Mr. Wallas writes:

> We are forced to recognize that a society whose intellectual direction consists only of unrelated specialisms must drift, and that we dare not drift any longer. We stand, as the Greek thinkers stood, in a new world. And because that world is new, we feel that neither the sectional observations of the special student nor the ever-accumulating records of the past, nor the narrow experience of the practical man can suffice us. We must let our minds play freely over all the conditions of life till we can either justify our civilization or change it.

The same observation is germane to the produc-

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tion of art. To keep vital it must be related to the community. Variety, individual inspiration, individual appreciation, are indispensable, but they are not enough. Whatever may be in man, he cannot express it unless he master a sufficiently plastic medium, unless he establish communication. He must feel the earth under his hand, he must hear the reverberations of his voice. How is art to be at the same time derived out of the complex and over-burdened modern consciousness and made natural to a community without the ability to specialize in it? About this problem center most of the questions of our aesthetic present and future.

GEORGE SOULE.

A COMMUNICATION

The Volunteer-System Sufferer

SIR: Chicago streets are full of flags, and recruiting-station signs, and boys in khaki. Naval bands are playing, and officers exhorting, and our loveliest chorus-girls in their loveliest clothes are playing on the smirking hesitants in a way that must make a hard-working prostitute feel pure. Uniformed men reach out detaining hands and offer irrefutable arguments to every young or youngish man who passes, and look in scorn and loathing at those who hurry by. The Chicago newspapers print long editorials urging universal service, and run half-page advertisements—put in by the editors themselves—calling for volunteers! And has it the slightest effect on the real slackers? They go by with a laugh, they show up by literal thousands at the marriage-license windows of the City Hall, gratefully seizing the time wasted by calling volunteers to turn themselves into immune benedicts against the inevitable time when conscription will come. But the flags and the scorn and the half-page advertisements for volunteers are not utterly without their effect; conscientious, overloaded men, doing the work of three already, slink hastily and unhappily by the recruiting stations, until at last—for they are almost universally hypersensitive—they are goaded, in spite of commonsense, more important responsibilities, other real and urgent duties, into volunteering. And I am very bitter, for I am married to a conscientious man, and a baby is coming in June.

A year ago I might not have been so violent a convert to universal service. I have worked, and I could have worked again. But now, you see, the case is different. As it happens, my husband works on one of the most loudly and consistently patriotic papers in the city; the owners not only ca'l for volunteers from outsiders, they offer every indu'cement to their own men to join some branch of the service. So when, the other night, I heard that the editors of the paper had offered to pay the difference between any man's wages as a soldier or sailor and his salary as their employee, I realized that my conscientious man's last objection had been met. I have little doubt that the editors are in earnest; they were earnest and well meaning when several of their men went to get Villa last year. And they were paid their salaries in full—when they got back from the border. Now my husband's salary, paid at the end of one year, or two, or ten, will do very little good in the year I am nursing my baby. It won't pay hospital bills, or nursing bills, or rent. A red-tape delay of a month or six weeks might easily spell tragedy. All very personal and selfish, no doubt, but, you see, it is *my* business to have a healthy baby, to feed it as it should be fed through the blistering Chicago summer; to see that it gets adequate attention and care if it is sick—oh, whether it is sick or well! And if I am to go back to work all that is impossible. The most my probable twenty-five dollars a week will cover will be rent and food, and, at best, third-rate care for the baby. Perhaps I seem to be painting it all in very deep black, but I saw the wife of a Mexican-expedition soldier struggle along with a baby last summer, and the sight was not amusing. When her husband came back from the border he drew his back salary and paid the doctor, but their baby had died from bad milk.

Well, you may say, it is a personal problem; why doesn't she put it squarely up to her husband? Because I do not think that it is only personal; hundreds of other mothers and wives are facing the same outlook to-day, and it is as important, it seems to me, to have another generation of good citizens as it is to get men for this war. We can't count on the youngsters, the boys who have never known the slightest responsibility, to volunteer now in numbers great enough to make the married men and the fathers—used, all of them, to feeling responsibility keenly—see that for the time, at least, they are not indispensable to the country.

If I were not so incoherent, if I did not dread making capital of my pregnancy, if I did not feel so keenly that whatever my personal reaction may be to my husband's enlisting I have no right to impose my views on him, I might succeed in arousing in him such a passion for the principle of universal service—he is already a believer in it, theoretically—that to volunteer would seem the worst sort of treachery. But unfortunately I am mute and handicapped, while the editors and recruiting-officers and chorus-girls are not. As it is, I want to do my shouting in print.

Have the newspapers gone mad that they run cartoons and editorials and allusions in their stories to universal service, and then open recruiting-stations for volunteers in their lobbies? Haven't we learned yet that as long as two recruits a day trickle into the ranks Congress will never see the importance of conscription? Instead, why do our newspapers not print scathing indictments of men who volunteer and put universal service farther away every minute? They tell us to write our Congressman and demand conscription; have they any idea how ludicrously few men and women have any idea how such a letter should be addressed?

Scorn and abuse and heckling, The Stars and Stripes and

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Our Glorious Country, "Young Man! Have YOU Enlisted?", patriotic hysteria; thrills for the slacker and shame for the worker, a nightmare of bad taste, bad sense and bad judgment, and universal service put off until to enter the service under conscription will mean disgrace—can't some heaven-sent, shattering catastrophe shake us into waking, and shake us now?

D. T. B.

Chicago, Illinois.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Way of Public Opinion

I: CALIFORNIA HEARS THE NEWS

SIR: The news of war was received in California in a perfectly conventional manner. That is to say, flags broke out in almost every merchant's window, on the front pages of the noisier newspapers, and over many private houses; flag venders, with button-hole replicas of our own colors and those of our new allies, appeared at the street corners; six of the wilful Senators were lynched, happily in effigy, in a Marin county town; the newspaper editorial writers hastened to express their unwavering loyalty; and the most pacific assumed an air of sad submission. But underneath these representative symptoms California was dazed. A more complete mental unpreparedness than hers for what happened could not be imagined. The man in the street had naïvely assumed that his opinion about going to war would make itself felt in Washington without his taking the trouble to turn it into words, and the first sensation that he had on reading the news on April 3rd was that this part of the country, at least, had received something that it did not order. For an ordinary Californian, going about his daily work and not taking any great part in public affairs, the declaration of war was as much a thing imposed from above by a group of men who did not ask his consent as it could have been in pre-revolutionary Russia.

This must not be taken to imply any lack of loyalty in the citizens of California. That universally popular virtue is as general here as it is anywhere else. The typical Californian is not half so much dissatisfied with the fact of war as he is with the high-handed way—as it seems, no doubt incorrectly, to him—in which war was brought about. Last fall he voted for Mr. Wilson, and among his reasons for doing so was that Mr. Wilson had kept us out of war. When Congress assembled he still felt that Mr. Wilson was hanging back, resisting the pressure of forces crudely symbolized by Wall Street, Colonel Roosevelt, and the munition makers, and would not go further than an assertion of our plain rights on the seas. He believed that the navy would be sent to sink submarines, and did not doubt that this task, hitherto baffling the British navy, could be performed by our own. He thought that the militia might be called out, too, as a guard against the activities of over-zealous aliens, but he did not dream that there would be serious consideration of a plan for a war appropriation of several billion dollars and an army of three million men, raised by conscription, for service on the continent of Europe. He had complete confidence in Mr. Wilson's ability to stroke the more belligerent sections of American opinion into quiescence, and to stand firm, in comparative peace, with the West and Middle West at his back. "Supporting the President" means to him holding out against war, not plunging into it. His pathetic loyalty to Mr. Wilson was an offspring deposited in good faith on the door-step of a man who did not want it.

Perhaps the Californian should have realized that the days of American isolation are over, that the Powers of Europe will not always leave us alone, even if we leave them alone, and that the defeat of Germany is necessary to our own safety. But no one in authority told him these things in such a way as to make him grasp their importance or understand that they were to be acted upon. Up to the last moment it appeared to the Pacific-American that Mr. Wilson was intent only on the maintenance of our formal rights on the seas, and his whole career up to the day of his message to Congress did not, in fact, indicate that he would ask more. Nothing in last fall's campaign or this year's messages—until the war message itself, had really prepared him for war. He does not even yet know exactly what he is bound, as a loyal citizen, to fight for and defend. Has the United States agreed to make war until all the demands of the Allies are met, or only until Mr. Wilson and Congress think that Germany has been sufficiently chastened—say, until Belgium and France are evacuated? These questions are no doubt very easy to answer, but the Californian did not have the material to answer them and Mr. Wilson did not supply the deficiency.

No matter how righteous a war is it is not fair to wake a sleeping people in the night and tell them that they have been committed to it by a decision not their own and must fight. California, as well as other American communities which are in the same plight, deserved more considerate treatment. She will, of course, support the President, but Mr. Wilson would have shown a finer instinct for democracy had he realized how confused the state of mind in this part of the country has been and taken the pains to educate it and inform it.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS.

San Francisco, California.

II: A WEEK LATER

SIR: Perhaps the letter which I sent you a week ago should be withdrawn. Things are going forward too rapidly. It is no more use criticizing the manner of the war or the fact of it than criticizing the San Francisco earthquake. I still believe that what I wrote was true last Saturday but it won't be true next Saturday. Everybody is in line. The process is exactly that described in Mark Twain's Mysterious Stranger; I can't quote or give references to it, but you doubtless saw it when it came out.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS.

San Francisco, California.

The Conscientious Objector

SIR: We are at war.

Many of us didn't want it; but many others did; and the newspapers did, and the President did; and Congress and The New Republic did; and they won.

What is the duty of an individual who believes that the government of the state of which he is a part has adopted a wrong course?

Is it unquestioning loyalty and submission, as our newspapers assume? Has such an individual lost the right to protest? Is it treason still to think the government wrong? It is very hard to change one's opinion overnight.

Young men are answering the country's call to service. I want to serve my country, too.

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Yet I cannot beat my brain into believing that our entry into the war was justified or mends matters.

Working for a newspaper that has been helping to whip the country into war, I have felt as if I were working for a murderer. But I have made the compromise of sticking to my job. Should I make the further compromise of joining in what I believe to be unjustifiable murder? Should I replace a man who would do my share of killing for me?

Or should I protest as loudly as I can against the decision my country has made? I would be branded as a traitor; yet to do so would be but to obey the instinctive urging of my conscience. Is it right to be silent in the presence of what one believes to be colossal wrong?

I had always praised Karl Liebknecht without a doubt of the justice of such praise. There was a man who dared speak out despite the cries of disloyalty and treason, too proud not to oppose his country's government when he believed it wrong. Yet I can find few responsible men and women who would not condemn a parallel course in this country as treason and disloyalty. Apparently they praised Liebknecht not because he did and said what he believed right; but because he said what they believed right.

Seriously and earnestly I ask the question, what is the duty in wartime of a citizen who believes his country engaged in an unrighteous war? Is it blindly to obey? Is it passively to accept? Is it to speak out?

LEWIS STILES GANNETT.

New York City.

Relief for Siberian Exiles

THE Society of the Friends of Russian Freedom wishes to announce that after its celebration at Carnegie Hall, March 23rd, a cablegram was sent to Foreign Minister Paul N. Miliukoff stating that, if it met with his approval, the Society should like to raise in this country a large fund for the relief of Siberian political exiles, now returning to Russia, the fund to be administered by a committee in Petrograd appointed by M. Miliukoff. In response to this message M. Miliukoff cabled: "Thanks for the suggestion. Accept most heartily." The Society hopes that many Americans will take this opportunity to show the esteem in which we hold these men and women who have sacrificed all for the cause that has at last triumphed. Checks and money orders should be made payable to Hamilton Holt, treasurer, and should be mailed to Paul Kennaday, secretary, room 720, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Puzzled, but Subscribes

SIR: I thoroughly dislike the policy and the methods of your journal; but as I have fallen a victim to your impossible "highbrowishness," I am enclosing subscription for coming year.

Are you quite sure that there is no contradiction between the principles advocated a few weeks ago in the article Defense of the Atlantic World and the article of this week on Who Willed American Participation? The first mentioned essay seemed to justify our entry into war on the basis of national expediency, for it admitted that England no less than Germany had violated international law on the high seas and that such violations had really nothing to do with our break with Germany. This week you incline to the opinion that America declared war actuated by the highest humanitarian motives to vindicate outraged international justice and you seem to assume that Germany alone is guilty of such violations.

JOHN R. HAGAN.

Cleveland, Ohio.

[NOTE: There is no contradiction in the arguments Mr. Hagan cites. We urged that if the attitude of the United States were to be decided merely on incidental violations of immediate American rights, a strong case could be made for the contention that both sides had broken the law. Therefore, in choosing between the belligerents, we had to look to the issues of the conflict itself. On this basis, Germany is clearly in the wrong. We take it that intelligent American self-interest is deeply concerned in the throwing back of aggression and the establishment of a just international organization.—THE EDITORS.]

Intelligence from Missouri

SIR: In reply to the letter signed by Annie Nathan Meyer, published in the April 14th issue of The New Republic, permit me to call attention to the set of laws in the Missouri Children's Code relating to the care and support of the child born out of wedlock.

It is true, effective machinery must be provided if the father's obligation to support the illegitimate child is to be enforced. Let me briefly state the solution which the Missouri Children's Code Commission proposed and the safeguards which it set up to avoid the blackmail which Mrs. Meyer seems to dread if an attempt is made to make the father of the illegitimate child share in its support.

The proposed legislation provided:

1. That the child born out of wedlock be given the right to have his paternity established through court proceedings, recognizing the principle that every child should have a father and mother in law as well as in fact.

2. That, in order to avoid blackmail, such proceedings shall not be begun except with special permission of the court; shall be brought during the lifetime of the person claimed to be the parent; at the discretion of the judge, the proceedings shall be privately conducted; the court papers shall be kept secret.

3. That the child born out of wedlock shall be given the same right of inheritance from its natural father as from its mother. This would work no injustice to the legitimate child, for the father would still have the right to disinherit any of his children by will.

4. That where the actual paternity of the child cannot be established, the court is permitted to place the liability of support upon the several men who are shown to have had intercourse with the mother during the period when the child must have been conceived. The child is given no inheritance rights from the possible fathers, however.

5. That the court shall determine the proportion of support to be paid by the father and mother with reference to the circumstances of each.

6. That all questions concerning the paternity and support of the child born out of wedlock shall be brought before the Juvenile Court.

This is a very brief synopsis of the measures for the protection of "Outlawed Children" which were included in the Missouri Children's Code.

LUCILLE B. LOWENSTEIN,
Secretary, Missouri Children's Code Commission.

St. Louis, Missouri.

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Books and Things

NOTHING in Arthur Symons's Figures of Several Centuries (E. P. Dutton & Company. $3.00 net) tells us whether the twenty-three essays it contains were chosen and arranged by Mr. Symons himself or by one of his friends. The earliest, on Thomas Lovell Beddoes, is dated 1891. Sixteen have later dates than 1900, and the latest of all, one of two articles that compose the study of Swinburne, was written or published in 1908. The volume is one which everybody will wish to own who loves books well enough to like the best books about them. It is another example, the last we shall have, I am afraid, of Mr. Symons's talent for describing his impressions with sensitive patience. He once said, in his Studies in Prose and Verse, that Robert Bridges "obtains his delicate, evasively simple effects by coaxing beautiful, alien words to come together willingly, and take service with him, as if they had been born under his care." And of George Meredith, in the same essay: "Mr. Meredith, caring mostly for originality, invents for every noun an adjective that has never run in harness with it, and which champs and rears intractably by its side." No reader of Mr. Symons can doubt where his preferences lie, and in his practice, too, he is nearer Mr. Bridges than Meredith. Of Pater he says, in this new volume: "But part of his secret was in the gift and cultivation of a passionate temperance." With Pater "enthusiasm was an ardent quietude." Speaking of Coventry Patmore's Religio Poetae Mr. Symons writes: "Only in the finest of his poems has he surpassed these pages of chill and ecstatic prose." Such a use of words is not "evasively simple." The desire not to be obvious is here a shade too obvious. The words Mr. Symons brings together, although they immediately recover from their surprise at finding themselves in the same phrase, are yet just a trifle surprised at first. Most of us, however, would not have felt this in Mr. Symons if he himself, in that sentence about Mr. Bridges, had not taught us to look for perfection. And Mr. Symons, though he likes to put side by side words which few writers would have imagination enough to regard as companionable, never allows this liking to make him say what he does not mean. Power to translate his impression into words is one of his greatest achievements.

Many of the impressions recorded here, as in his other books, came to him by way of his eyes. Mr. Symons belongs among those for whom the visible world exists, and has patiently cultivated his aptitude for seeing. The appearance of human beings interests both his eyes and ears and his mind, as when he writes of Pater: "Everything in Pater was in harmony, when you get accustomed to its particular form of expression; the heavy frame, so slow and deliberate in movement, so settled in repose; the timid and yet scrutinizing eyes; the mannered, yet quite personal voice; the precise, pausing speech, with its urbanity, its almost painful conscientiousness of utterance; the whole outer mask, in short, worn for protection and out of courtesy, yet moulded upon the inner truth of nature like a mask moulded upon the features which it covers." Using his own eyes and ears deliberately, for the sake of adding to the interest of life, Mr. Symons is particularly happy with writers who knew how to use theirs. Men's sensations are more stimulating to his curiosity than their ideas, new ways of thinking about the world are less his affair than new ways of seeing and hearing and feeling it. How illuminating he can be when he defines some effect of novelty, of strangeness, as in this sentence: "The Goncourts' vision of reality might almost be called an exaggerated sense of the truth of things; such a sense as diseased nerves inflict upon one, sharpening the acuteness of every sensation." Or here: "They see things as an artist, an ultra-subtle artist of the impressionist kind, might see them; seeing them indeed always very consciously with a deliberate attempt upon them, in just that partial, selecting, creative way in which an artist looks at things for the purpose of painting a picture."

Although Mr. Symons's sympathies are so personal with men who were ultra-modern not long ago, especially with Frenchmen, with the Goncourts, Flaubert, Baudelaire, Mallarmé, he shows in this volume, as often before, as understanding a sympathy with older writers. When you have read his essays on Charles Lamb—"To read Lamb makes a man more humane, more tolerant . . . ; incites to every natural piety, strengthens reverence"—on Emily Brontë and Beddoes and Donne, you are almost persuaded that his greatest gift as a critic is a discerning love of excellence in every kind. Which are the best essays in this volume it would be hard to say, but among those which make most difference, which give one the most valuable new perceptions, are the two on Thomas Hardy and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. "In a certain sense Rossetti," Mr. Symons writes, "with all his keen practical intelligence, was never wholly awake, had never gone outside that house of dreams in which the only real things were the things of the imagination. In the poetry of most poets there is a double kind of existence, of which each half is generally quite distinct; a real world, and a world of the imagination. But the poetry of Rossetti knows but one world, and it inhabits a corner there, like a perfectly contented prisoner, or like a prisoner to whom the sense of imprisonment is a joy."

The reason why Mr. Symons, one of the most sensitive among living critics, does not rank with the great critics, is easily found. His impressions are always recorded with exactness, and often with sober beauty. But they are the impressions of a critic who undervalues mere mind, who is not enough disturbed by its absence—see his essay on Swinburne—and who is deficient in moral insight—see the essay on Ibsen. He gives me, besides, a feeling that as a critic, as the practitioner of an art he has done his best to master, he is playing above his normal form as a human being. He has cultivated his talents to the utmost. There is no part of him on which he hasn't sowed the right seed for such a soil. And because none of him has been wasted you have an uneasy suspicion that if you subtract from Mr. Symons the critic that he is, and the accomplished poet, not very much would be left. He would have liked, I imagine, to exert upon English writers younger than he an influence resembling the Goncourts' or Baudelaire's. With a few general ideas, a little more originality in his way of seeing things, or even with a tendency to preach a gospel of his own, such a destiny might have been his. It has not been. His influence upon younger critics has made itself felt, one guesses, chiefly while they were reading him, and chiefly as an unanalyzing wish to write as well as he. With what delicacy, they exclaim, he has loved books and dancing, pictures and music! And how he has his way with words! Then they close his book, ready to give their allegiance to some critic to whom art mattered not quite so much and life mattered more.

P. L.

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Venus in Armor

Jesse L. Lasky presents Geraldine Farrar in Joan the Woman. Scenario by Jeanie Macpherson. Produced under the supervision of Cecil B. De Mille.

THE historic Joan of Arc has good knights without fear and without reproach, who kneel to her as the world's saint. Take Mark Twain, for an instance. The authority of Mark Twain's personality grows through the years. Consider what he says: "And for all reward the French king whom she had crowned stood supine and indifferent while the French priests took the noble child, the most innocent, the most lovely, the most adorable the ages have produced, and burned her alive at the stake." He says again: "It is the only story of a human life which comes to us under oath, the only one which comes to us from the witness stand." Sainte-Beuve says, "The miracle of this girl's life is best honored by the simple truth. "Men like De Quincy and Andrew Lang, along with writers for Catholic and Protestant agnostic encyclopaedias see her through dust and manuscripts, this very definite person, still in the white light of sainthood. But the Lasky photoplay turns her into Venus in Armor, that being the best Geraldine Farrar could do with the part.

Venus at her prayers, then wielding a sword for France is consistent with these unprecedented times. Accepting Miss Farrar's limitations, she is serious and commanding, and intends to be devout. From the pictorial standpoint she is not the Joan of Bastien-Le Page's painting in the Metropolitan Museum, nor of Boutet de Monvel's famous picture-book, but the Joan of the classic drawing-master Ingres.

We can at least respect this fair Amazon in the "big" scenes. Therefore we are the more discomfited at the intrusion of the non-historic masher, Eric Trent, a soldier-mannikin who presumes to thrust his face into that of Joan of Arc and paw her as though she were Nellie the Beautiful Cloak-Model. The part is given to the simpering Wallace Reid. Of course she pushes him away and perpetually shakes off his courtship, and her moments of alleged weakness for him. But any lover of hers worthy of the general good intentions of this film, and the sober mood of America to-day should be akin to the breed of real men who have knelt to her through the ages.

Why do Lasky and De Mille call the play Joan the Woman, as though Joan of Arc would have puzzled America? Why cover the country with bill board announcements showing Geraldine Farrar in her dotty dimples mood, renouncing this Eric Trent with his pasteboard glances? As though that were the situation to whet the curiosity of America, that main falsehood of the piece. Would you deny our land as full-hearted a contemplation as possible of a world-saint?

In the last episode, when Eric Trent returns to the modern trenches, awakening from his dream of Joan, penance is done in more senses than one. And we have an authentic photoplay achievement. Like Alan Seeger the young man makes his rendezvous with death. He volunteers to blow up the enemy trench single handed. He works his way over the disputed ground where flashes a hostile searchlight from above. He dodges and plays dead, but is finally caught by the light and is shot down by the enemy. As he dies he touches the battery and blows up the trench. In this scene a mere spot of light on an enormous battlefield has been a soldier more potent for a moment than a human being. It is Tinker-Bell grown up into an international tragedian.

Let us review the film more closely. After the prologue in the trenches the director gives us a deal of grand opera peasantry in Domremy, a series of stereotyped, generalized figures. The first real moment is when Joan meets Eric Trent. She stands with uplifted hands in the middle of the street, asking his business in Domremy. We ourselves seem to be on horseback bending over her, in place of the Englishman. It is a scene to be named along with the duel with the spot of light. Even here Wallace Reid has his back to us, which adds to his charm.

The first person to avail himself of the power of the screen for intimacy is Larry Peyton, acting the part of Gaspard the coward. He is more interesting and gallant than the scenario allows him to be, a fine awkward man, a satisfaction to the character-loving eye. He should be cast for Eric Trent, since we are doomed to this scenario.

The further Miss Farrar gets from mere portraits of herself before the camera, and the more she dominates great crowds, the more beautiful and successful she is. From end to end the best acting is that of Raymond Hatton as Charles VII. He is intimate in his delineation of indecision and tragic futility. It is a Charles that accounts for the whole French situation, and many times he is the only human touch in a pageant rendered publicly powerful by the Olympian swing of Miss Farrar.

The miraculous scenes are adequate in themselves. They hint at the dignity and propriety of this immense resource the films have given us. If always approached and followed by scenes of austere Gothic imagination they would be more broadly adequate. The high moment of the film comes when Joan rouses the court. Sword in hand she waves them on toward a declaration of a state of war while above the banners and plumes of the fluttering throne-room shines a vision of knights in armor riding toward Orleans. Several following episodes sustain the mood. The face of the beautiful leader is seen between waving sword-blades that are ritualistic in their own fashion as Easter candles are. There is a suggestion of the fire the original day must have known. For this rallying of the court, steadily approached through thirty minutes' narrative, the whole company deserves our admiration. In the remainder of the much drawn-out production there are scattered scenes of quality, such as that of Joan parleying by smoking flambeaux before the towers by night. The court at its revels and at coronation time are adequate delineations, but the production as a whole is more interesting than enthralling. I went once with Edward C. Marsh, once with Peter Clark Macfarlane, once with Herbert Croly. Each time the man with me appeared to enjoy it as I did. I think we all felt freer to take it apart the last two-thirds of the story, examining it as good citizens investigating the "newest screen production."

There are two principal streams of photoplay history to be illustrated by the comparison of this film with Intolerance. Lasky and De Mille represent the great body of Broadway talent and ideas brought from the old stage, after the films were a pronounced success. They represent especially a bit of the Belasco tradition. But Intolerance represents the reckless experimenter who began long before, who is still conscious of the newness of the medium, and gets as far from the stage as he can. Lasky and De Mille represent decorous eclecticism after this or that experiment succeeds. Yet they have their own undeniable originalities which I have endeavored to put down in the above list.

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Having enjoyed the film for what it was, with three fairly satisfied citizens, I secured the report of two successful painters in oil and water-color who went later. They have come to me, reviling. I am the more disturbed because they say of Joan in New York what I have heard other students of painting in Chicago say of Intolerance, so let all producers listen.

They say it is too long, three hours instead of one. The battle scenes are confused to the point of insanity and the whole film is turned too rapidly in the bargain. While the picture is decorative there is no system of light and shade, except in the inquisition scenes. There are practically no periods of rest for the eye. The parting scene where Trent walks away in the quiet of the cathedral has true intensity without excess of action. So has the following one where Joan kneels alone . . . But on the whole the film is the crassest, the most fidgety, the most unspiritual thing of its pretentions ever beheld. My friends object to the Star Spangled Banner being played for a second time between the acts just to whip up excitement, and the Marseillaise being played at the coronation, three and a half centuries too soon, and an anti-king song in the bargain. They object to the orchestra being used as red pepper all the time. But they agree with me on the great scene where a state of war is declared. They are disposed to counsel men who are now hatching big productions in the whispered conclaves of their studios to fathom the open secret of its power, to reject the rest of the film as a model except the quiet scene in the cathedral. Certainly these are sufficient concessions from the unreconciled. The film masterpiece will be a hundred years in appearing.

As to the historic Joan of Arc she is in the new poem in the February Bookman. And she is in De Quincy's ancient essay. VACHEL LINDSAY.

France of the Past

The Century of the Renaissance, by L. Batiffol. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

The Eighteenth Century, by C. Stryienski. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, $2.50.

The French Revolution, by L. Madelin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THESE volumes constitute the first instalment of a translation of the well known Histoire de France Racontée à Tous which M. Funck-Brentano has edited. They are of various degrees of merit. M. Batiffol's volume contains a useful summary of external political history which omits none of the obvious facts, but is nowhere distinguished from half a hundred similar histories. M. Stryienski, by dint of careful reading among the memoirs of the eighteenth century, has compiled an account of it from which no one could even imagine that the century which produced the Regent and du Barry is also the century of Montesquieu and of Voltaire. For him history means court-history; and within the pathetic limits he has set himself he has unquestionably produced a readable and entertaining book. M. Madelin's volume belongs to a different class. Without the passionate hatred of Taine, on the one hand, and certainly without the fervid enthusiasm of Michelet on the other, he has produced a history which has not a little of the magnificently dramatic quality which belongs to its subject. It is not, indeed, a philosophic analysis. But so far as brilliancy and accuracy of narrative are concerned, M. Madelin's volume is easily the very best that has so far been written. To M. Batiffol's volume Mr. J. E. C. Bodley has contributed a preface which we can only hope the publishers will see fit to omit in any subsequent editions. Apart from its sheer vapidity, it in no wise serves any useful purpose. And it may be suggested that not even the author of France—an absurdly overrated book—can really afford to talk in passing of Lord Morley as "the author of several works of serious merit on French history." The reader who desires to be stimulated to the study of French history will do well to omit the patronizing badinage by which Mr. Bodley explains the value of the Institute of France—of which he is a member. Historians like Batiffol and Madelin do not need his laborious encomiums.

Four centuries have passed since that most gay-hearted of vagabonds, François Villon, uttered his malediction on him who should wish ill to the realm of France, and even to-day one can catch the echo of his ringing tones. For these volumes make splendidly clear that when the last word of criticism has been said against her, France still somehow seems to stand apart among the nations. Days of evil genius indeed she has seen. Few will be found now to make laudation of her civil wars, or compose, like M. Ollivier, an eighteen-volume paean to the liberal imperialism of Napoleon III. If Prussia did not deserve Sedan, assuredly France found therein a punishment only in degree without its justification. There are men in her history, like that Philip the Fair whose character his face concealed, for whom no honest pen can write apologies. Yet, from the days when Otto of Freising went from a barbaric Germany to drink at the culture-fountain of Paris University eight hundred years ago France has been the continuous well-spring of European civilization.

One has but to look at the last three centuries of her history in an adequate perspective to realize how much she has taught. It was from Descartes and Pascal that modern philosophers sprang; and the geometric speculations of the divine youth of Port-Royal did not prevent him from dealing a stout blow at those who schemed to undermine the freedom of men's thoughts. The Augustan age of France made her the epitome of the Europe of her day. Bossuet added his name to the goodly list of church fathers. There was a moment when the admired dignity of Racine and Corneille seemed likely to replace the spacious times of great Elizabeth as the model of English drama. If the French civilization of the seventeenth century is written in courteous tongue, yet its spirit is more fine and free than any save that of the England which had indulged in revolution and hated itself for it. And the France of Louis XIV was more than atoned for by the France of the eighteenth century.

It is a wonderful age to look back upon; and we who have inherited the fruit of its achievement can not too humbly pay tribute to the men who labored therein. Sociology is in some sort the creation of Montesquieu. Because he thought greatly men have the better operated the governments upon which their happiness has so greatly depended. Few men have more deeply loved freedom than Voltaire; and if he chose the weapon of destruction as his instrument, let us remember that not until the dead embers of the ancien régime had been stamped out could the fires of liberty again be lighted. Diderot, Rousseau, Condonet—they it was who proudly denied a limit to the mind, and thereby made it possible for men to examine the foundations of social order that they might reconstruct them. To Rousseau a special debt is due. It was from

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him that Kant and Hegel learned the very alphabet of freedom. It was his spirit that Coleridge and Wordsworth, Byron and Shelley lisped out in those new numbers which made of romance a prophecy. It was Rousseau who made us hear the watchwords of the new civilization. He thought, it may be, rather in the terms of poetry than the terms of science; yet the terms are themselves so nobly uttered and so fearlessly proclaimed as to constitute the very pathway to reconstruction.

The Revolution came, and with it the spirit that, in the largest sense, we recognize as our own. Its follies we may not deny. Much of it was hideous, much of it was mistaken, much of it was cruel. Yet it was a sacred event. Those who stood in the tennis-court of Versailles one hundred and thirty years ago and swore never to dissolve until they had given to France a constitution were in truth giving to Europe its fundamental charter of liberties. Its Declaration of the Rights of Man may make entire abstraction of history—but the world is a different world because those rights were proclaimed. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—these, after all, are on the lips and in the hearts of men wherever men struggle in the holy cause of freedom. They were the basis of Mazzini's dream, of Kossuth's, of the men who died before the Winter Palace at Petrograd ten years ago, of those who on a cold Easter morning in 1916 died that a free Ireland might rewin her national being. We may hate the treachery and the folly of Robespierre; but when he set firm his thin lips on the topmost seat of the "mountain" he was making an end of kings. We may turn from the raucous blustering of Danton; yet who can doubt that through his dreams human nature has evolved its separate guarantees against the tyrant? And those who made that Revolution made it for the world. Those rugged soldiers who poured over the frontiers marched to the maddening pulse of liberty. They preached the gospel of a noble idealism. Uncritical, doctrinaire, unrealistic, poets, dreamers—all these they may have been. But it was because they said fearlessly what was in their hearts that the old order of unbenevolent despotism passed away—that Metternich gave place to Marx and Castlereagh to Cobden. Not even the iron hand of Napoleon conceals the change. For even with him the career is open to the talents and to him who will dare greatly there is the opportunity for imaginative creation.

The nineteenth century in France is in some sort the richest in her history. If she has lacked the solid legions of second-line ability by which Germany has striven to make of civilization a national possession for private gain, yet where it has been a question of the highest talent she has stood easily foremost. Lamennais foreshadowed the birth of a catholic democracy and was the spiritual parent of the modernism conceived in the tragedy of his religious condemnation. Sainte-Beuve is the supreme master of critical enquiry. Michelet made of history a poem that all might understand. Victor Hugo, despite massive faults, lived to write nobly in a noble cause. Renan gave to religious scepticism the right to its inheritance. Taine undermined the foundations of a fascinating Caesarism. Nor was it within the realm of letters only that so mighty a labor was achieved. Men like Pasteur and Gambetta, like De Tocqueville and Jaurès have each of them in his own way, been deeply concerned for the freedom of the human spirit. It is a significant fact that after many and tragic adventures the decisive vote of the French people should have preferred the republican form of government. It is not less significant that, first in Europe, France should have rejected the old individualism as inadequate, while she has consistently refused to adopt a worship of the state. Indeed, it is to-day, above all, her thinkers who, in going back to the federalism of the great Proudhon, are forging the next great instrument of governmental progress.

It is an enviable record. France, whatever her sins, has never ceased to love greatly the cardinal principles of human freedom. *Remittentur ei peccata multa quoniam delexit multum.* If she has worshiped one thing it has been the ceaseless play of mind. She has taken care to erect an ideal in a world which, often enough, has seemed blind to its splendors. She has had a fine faith in men. Where they have erred she has believed in their power of attainment. She has consistently and nobly refused to fetter on mankind the bonds of original sin. For from the days of 1789 she has known that to see things as they are is to see them as a dream might make them. She has been realistic because she has loved truth. She has loved truth because it was for her the symbol of her victories. It may be that she has pursued her ends with passion as it is certain that she has often been deceived. But the demand that she made in the great hour of her history has been the constant watchword of her aspiration.

It is related of Socrates at the crisis of his fortune that the one thought from which he drew comfort was the certain knowledge that men could never take their mind to right conduct without memory of his name. If one thing can be postulated with certainty it is that France has been to freedom what Socrates has been to moral truth. She stamped the rights of man on the face of a world that had forgotten humanity. She lives that her achievement may justify that splendid and courageous defiance.

H. J. L.

To the Rescue of Art

The Creative Will, Studies in the Philosophy and Syntax of Aesthetics, by Willard Huntington Wright. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50.

MR. WRIGHT is a sensitive person who appears to be tremendously upset by the world's neglect of the artist. He cannot endure the cold indifference of the pure intellectual or the sneers of the scientist. In The Creative Will he mobilizes all his references and all his extensive surface knowledge of the arts for a defense of the sacred domain. Without discerning the causes of contemporary attacks he feels their force. The unflattering Freudian picture of the artist as the neurotic who is constantly curing himself he would scornfully repudiate, if he adverted to it. He is deeply perturbed at that vast and massive popular judgment which persists in taking the artist as the creator of fables for play-time or as the skilful technician of sensuous thrills. He wishes to protect the artist in his rôle of high priest at the altar of human experience. In an older tradition Mr. Wright's fervor would perhaps have attached itself to the dogmas of some conventional religion. But that solacing object around which to gather one's enthusiasm is denied the sceptical and alert modernist. He is, obliged, perforce, to find some other refuge from the onslaughts of specialized knowledge. So Mr. Wright makes art the ultimate and highest of human interests, and those who, like himself, understand the deep science of aesthetics he considers the most important and most significant of those geniuses who roam an imperceptive world.

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The Creative Will is thus a sort of challenge to those who are at all sceptical of the high dignity or essential greatness of the artist. For Mr. Wright gives to art the precision of mathematics, the validity of science and the insight of philosophy—the values of these separate disciplines are here fused in a higher harmony which includes them all. One thinks of Sainte Beuve's famous definition of a humanist as one who mediates between extremes, thus occupying all the space between them. To the artist Mr. Wright says, "Tremble not before the discoveries of science or the patient experiments of a realistic psychology; they cannot dispute your leadership. You as the artist are, by definition, the scientist and philosopher. You cannot be harmed by what you yourself have transcended." How can you doubt this when art "is a philosophic system based on concrete forms and objective experiences"; when "it is the mouthpiece of the will of nature, namely, the complete, unified intelligence of life"? Consider, too, how all folk-art is but the generous fairy-story of well intentioned democrats, when the truth of course is that all art sprang solely from individual genius. Fear not, "any attempt to democratize art results in the lowering of the artistic standard."

This pleasantly self-satisfying picture of art as the culmination of all that is highest in human activity enables Mr. Wright to smite with equal cleverness the artist who practices mere representation (one who can give only the external effects of life instead of life's underlying causes) and the artist who divorces himself from life in sterile abstractions. The deepest realities of life—according to Mr. Wright, the recurrences of plastic and spring rhythms —can only be focused adequately in consciousness by a great work of art. And only the mind of the great artist is capable of the necessary organization and insight for pulling the seemingly disconnected and unrelated strands and wisps of life into a single organic unity. Furthermore, only the critic trained in the "science" of aesthetics can recognize the great work of art and appraise it. Everyday critics can only see in art the stirrings of sentiment or the representative images which have some special emotional aura. With just and considerable skill Mr. Wright sharpens his dagger of wit against the flinty stupidity of the average art critic. But the outcome is disappointing. His so-called science of aesthetics leaves us with no more specific criterion for judgment than all-round intelligence.

Certainly a respectable case can be made out for the contention that art is the final goal of human endeavor. In thrilling and memorable phrases Mr. Clive Bell has done just that in his impassioned book, Art. Such a contention may or may not be valid, but at least it can be supported by a body of psychological experiment and ethical generalization that cannot be dismissed with a shrug. Mr. Wright, however, is not the man for so severe a task. He is less the able defender of a cause before the court of reason than the errant knight sallying forth with dramatic flourishes of the sword to the rescue of his besieged lady. Deliberately, he has selected the form of epigram and aphorism—smooth little paragraphs that abound in such flashing insights as "great art, whether music, literature or painting, is great because of its ability to permeate every part of the spectator's being," and "the medium of music is sound." These, if you please, are, according to the paper cover of the book among "the most important contributions to the philosophy and science of aesthetics which have appeared in any language."

Once Mr. Wright wrote a book called What Nietzsche Taught, but he neglected to learn one of that philosopher's most pungent lessons, which was, not to attempt a volume of metaphysical epigrams unless you are a genius. The power of such an achievement when successful should have taught Mr. Wright to be wary of its inevitable feebleness when a failure. For plodding or industrious or merely clever minds cannot here take the risk of near-success. The author must be perfect, as Nietzsche was perfect in Beyond Good and Evil. One cannot endure the random movements of a mind struggling for the complete epigram. The dazzle and clap-trap of surface brilliance or verbal antitheses are twice as annoying as in the more formal or conventionally moulded argument. One demands always the just, always the keen and vivid insight. And in The Creative Will the supply is pitifully inadequate to the demand. It is mostly will, and very little creation.

H. S.

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Two Amateur Philosophers

The Amateur Philosopher, by Carl H. Grabo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Philosophy: An Autobiographical Fragment, by Henrie Waste. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

NO virtue could be more unfortunate for the amateur philosopher than modesty. If he is honestly amateur, it is not his doctrines that we want to hear about but himself. His ideas are probably usual and thinly sown. But how they grew up from the soil of his distinct and never-to-be-repeated life will be matter for interest and charm. Mr. Grabo's preface makes us think that he

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realizes this truth and that he is going to be candidly self-conscious with us. We expect him to work out his intellectual discoveries in their personal and emotional setting. And he plays us a little false.

His setting is classic, the very background to which half of us can respond in every note and shading with a "Yes, that is veritably ourselves!" He grew up in the "remoter suburbs of a large city, the semi-rural community typical of mid-Western villages." He pictures the mild religious saturation of the place, the many churches ranged in their order of social prestige, the semi-puritanism of a transplanted New England. We see his Sunday-school, that ubiquitous arena of the American child's thoughtful life. We get his theological worries, the struggles with crucial problems of miracles, evolution and the divinity of Christ. We see him reading Robert Elsmere on the backstairs. We see him slipping inevitably into socialism. College did little for him except to show how remote were the preoccupations of instructors and officers from the problem of the conduct of life. His critique of the college is forceful and true. Personality was habitually sacrificed to machinery. A young man's thoughtful confrontation of life, his emotional adjustment, gave no concern whatever to a community which ostensibly was designed to nourish the minds and souls of young men. The crass Spencerian attitude of his college of fifteen years ago contained little of the juice of life. Nourishment might be squeezed out of the raw husks of knowledge that lay about. But that was your own enterprise. Our amateur philosopher found college disillusioning, as must all who go as seekers for personal light on a disturbing world.

In these first chapters full of charm, Mr. Grabo details his universal experience. Then suddenly, as if stung with modesty, he slips into an impersonal outline of his matured philosophy. The result is not happy. The wistful amateur philosopher gives place to a rather tepid moralizer. The latter is unimpeachable, but the usualness that held your interest when it was frankly autobiographical stares at you a little dully from the chair of formal discourse. The personality to whom you warmed when he talked about himself now seems a little sententious when he talks about ideas. What every young man would say about morality, social ideals, immortality, religion, literature, is very much less interesting than what a definite young man in a western college could tell you about how they came into his daily maturing life, mixed with it, gave it interpretation and light. The latter half of the book surrenders the amateur philosopher for a mind that is serious, sincere, persuasive, but without irony or vibrancy, and, in its idealism, perhaps not quite modern.

The confronter of life who calls herself Henrie Waste and writes the "autobiographical fragment" Philosophy, has no such qualms of impersonality. Her book is a vivid crescendo of experience, alive with the glamor of personality. You read it again as soon as you can, with the same quickened beating of the heart and far more understanding. For it is so different from anything else and so exciting that you do not criticise, you are kindled. Formally the story is of an American girl who goes out from the gracious if prosaic atmosphere of Columbia to take her doctorate in philosophy at Freiburg. But goes with such youthful ardency of passion to know! Intolerable that she should not hunt abstract truth to its most arctic lairs! And at Freiburg there is a divine and sad and dreamy youth named Taddeo, with the blood of all Europe in him. And Kantian and Hegelian abstractions have to become mingled with the most thrilling of love-friendships. And Taddeo has to recede to America in order that she may touch undisturbed her intellectual goal, while she flings her soul after him in letters that are joyous with work and thought and at the same time with intense longing to be united with her miraculous youth.

Your first impression of Henrie Waste is that nobody could achieve such a fusion of vivid thought and exhilaration of personal feeling. Her style is of the utmost distinction—with flashes of Pater and James perhaps, but genuine, warm, flexible, almost incredibly alive. You are immersed in the golden setting of Freiburg with its summer meadows and gabled streets. Around the musty seminar-rooms and the thick bland students plays her fire of marvellous youth. High philosophic thought infused with sensuous love—is not this the one incorrigible dream that clutches us? Am I bedazzled to find it here in realized experience? The book seems to write itself, so intense and romantic and yet spacious is this personality. One suspects sentimentality and one never once finds it. One fears priggishness and there is not a hint of it. This girl is utterly charming in her gift of mixing housemaids and horses and shoppings and examination formalisms into the golden brew. She has humor as well as passion. And she has that rarest gift of a lyric intellectuality which simply unhinges one's critical sense.

This book is real and it is noble. And its flair has just that moral quality which could only be American. For the girl makes her drama one between philosophy and love. Not for even this most thrilling of loves will she turn aside from her austere pressing towards knowledge. The divine youth, not quite comprehending, withdraws, and wanders while he waits. No more can any man ever quite comprehend that last favorite virginal austerity, of postponing life until you have secured the bedrock of your work. Is it higher truth or is it only puritan naïveté when the girl, in her last letter, assumes that only through the power that philosophy has given her has she been able to make conscious and wholly significant her love? Yet one forgives even this sublimation for the triumphant passion of the close. Her intellectual task finished, it is the lover that she veritably wants. She leaves you with a touch of fear that destiny might punish her by never bringing him back. But she does not fear, and so philosophy is left justified of her children.

R. B.

A Self-made Man

Henry Ford's Own Story, by Rose Wilder Lane. New York: Ellis O. Jones. $1.00.

THE illuminating parts of this little book are these quotations from Mr. Ford himself, such as "I would not give a plugged nickel for all the higher education and art in the world," and "The only solution (for the problem of capital and labor) is to *get together*. That's the solution of all the problems in the world, as I see it." It is not difficult for Miss Lane to picture vividly a man whose emotional and intellectual background is so simple and direct. If the rather meagre bits of quotation are pinned together in a eulogistic narrative, which never vibrates except with praise, there is no compulsion upon the reader to accept naïve judgments. In fact Miss Lane's gusto for her subject helps to give her book its real value as a source-book in Americana—a picture, so to speak, of how we admire as well as what we admire. Mr. Ford shared in the early American rights

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theory of success which was believed to flow inevitably from industry and perseverance. These qualities Mr. Ford certainly had. But he also had mechanical genius and a bit of luck at strategic moments. Combined, these qualities made his final success certain, even if the barrenness and monotony of years of all-absorbing concentration on narrow engineering problems was the necessary price. To Mr. Ford, of course, and to Miss Lane, who so pins her faith to his manner of meeting life, they were not barren and monotonous years. But now that the urge for accomplishment has been satisfied and there is an assured position which leaves Mr. Ford a certain margin of leisure, we can see in the fulfilment of that leisure the aridity of those formative years. The platitudinousness and naïveté, the well meaning but sophomoric approach to a problem that are revealed in Mr. Ford's utterances on all subjects not relating to engineering are almost incredible. Such intellectual infantilism would be impossible any grown man in any other civilized country—as would Miss Lane's ecstatic admiration of it. But the story of Henry Ford does not end there. Against his contempt for the amenities of life and the finer cultural satisfactions may be set his hatred of poverty and wretchedness. In that balance, who can say that the admiration of Miss Lane is misplaced?

Annapolis English

Life At The U. S. Naval Academy, by Ralph Earle, Commander, U. S. Navy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

THAT most of the midshipman's time at Annapolis will be absorbed by mathematics, marine and electrical engineering, naval construction, ordnance, seamanship and drills of all sorts is assumed. A high degree of professional specialization is, of course, inevitable. Yet the outsider reserves his chief interest for what might be called the cultural margin of the future naval officer's academic life. Except for a brief excursion into French or Spanish, the courses in English for 1916-17 included all the non-technical courses. They revealed a quaint selection of classics. The midshipmen are reading Shakespeare's King Henry IV, Part I, and Hamlet, Dana's Two Years Before the Mast, Reich's Foundations of Modern Europe, Hale's Man Without a Country and Famous Sea Fights, Poe's Tales of Mystery and Imagination, Fenton's Constitutional Law, Macaulay's Essays and Carlyle's Hero and Hero Worship. This is about the limit of imaginative literature during four years. One visualizes the type of clean and efficient and somewhat dull young man which emerges; and the conviction that all larger questions of policy should be left entirely in civilian hands is strengthened.

Contributors

to this issue

WILLIAM HARD is a graduate of Northwestern University, Illinois, and has also studied in England. He has contributed articles on economics and politics to several periodicals, and is now on the staff of the Metropolitan Magazine. He is the author of The Women of Tomorrow.

W. M. MEREDITH is the son of George Meredith. He has visited the western front as the guest of the General Staff and has had ample opportunity to observe the military organization. He is a partner in the firm of Constable & Co., London.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY

The Coverley Library

I recently received a summons from my good friend Sir Roger to confer with him. Accordingly, I waited upon him, finding him in a state of perturbation at the prospect of a visit from no less a personage than the Widow.

Of the condition of the estate he had little anxiety, trusting to the invaluable services of his servants in this regard, but a great doubt had seized him in regard to the fitness of his library for the eyes of a person of such nicety of taste. At his request I therefore told over to him the best of the new books that had come to my attention and we hit upon the following:

First upon our list we set a book by a young scholar [1] whom I hold in the highest esteem. It was perhaps rather with an idea to looking into it himself than with a view to the Widow that he ordered it, though I could not but be pleased for I knew that he would enjoy it.

Recalling the Widow's taste for obscure poets, I was led to suggest the works of Thomas Randolph,[2] which have just been published in the original quaint spelling.

Sir Roger was anxious that our books should not all be too modern, so we considered what we might add to bridge over the interval since he had last purchased. I therefore recommended "A Voice from the Crowd" [3] as a book that I had seen often and well reviewed, enjoying the quotations from it that I had heard. Also, "The Diplomatic Background of the War," [4] a book I knew to be printed for the fourth time, although it has been issued from the press but a year.

Sir Roger asked whether there were not another volume by Bagdad. By this I knew him to mean Charles S. Brooks, as I had fortunately pleased his fancy by the copy of "Journeys to Bagdad" [5] I procured at Christmas. I unfortunately could not supply him with another as yet, but I was able to tell him in confidence that there was likely to be another before next Christmas.

And so, rejoicing at the old gentleman's evident pleasure in our choice of books, I left in order that I might obtain the books with such dispatch that they should arrive well in advance of the Widow.

THE SPECTATOR.

Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut.

[1] STUDIES IN THE PROBLEM OF SOVEREIGNTY. By Harold J. Laski. $2.50 net.

[2] THE POEMS AND AMYNTAS OF THOMAS RANDOLPH. Edited by John J. Parry. $2.00 net.

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